THE ANNALS OF IOWA,

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT

IOWA CITY.

OCT., 1874.

Davenport, Iowa:
Day, Egbert, & Fidlar, Printers.
1874.



Truly Yours
W. E. Miller

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. XII. IOWA CITY, OCTOBER, 1874. No. 4.

CHIEF JUSTICE MILLER.

WILLIAM EDWARD MILLER (whose name heads this page, and whose portrait fills the opposite one), the present worthy Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, was born October 18th, 1823, near the town of Mount Pleasant, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania.

The traveler of thirty years ago, whose journey crossed the Alleghanies, will not have forgotten the stage coach of that day, with its profane driver and profaner passengers, and may recollect the pleasant little village on the western side of the mountain, on the turnpike leading from Cumberland to Pittsburg, called Mount Pleasant, near where the subject of this sketch was born.

As the several States mature in age, it is not difficult, notwithstanding the perpetual intercommunication between their populations, to notice, or at least to imagine, that the people of any one State have traits of character and manners, more or less marked, which distinguish them from those of the others. The physical peculiarities of a country are reflected in the idiosyncracies of its people. The children of Switzerland inhale a love of liberty with their pure mountain atmosphere, and look upon their mountains, whose ascent inspires daring and developes strength, as fortresses erected by God for the defense of their freedom, while the slothful Portuguese, with little obstruction from nature in

the pursuit of sustenance or comfort, lounging in the shade of the orange grove, fanned to slumber by the sleepy breezes which have warmed themselves in the hot sands of Africa, dreams only of sensuality or present comfort.

Here, in our own country, the barren soil of New England drove the Yankee to commerce, barter, trade, dicker, and finally to invention, with its long train of patent rights. The Western States are too young yet to have generated in their people permanent peculiarities, but it may have been the contemplation by her children of the rushing grandeur of two great rivers fretting her borders, which gave to Iowa's troops in the war that impulse and dash that made her First Regiment, in a campaign of three months, renowned over the whole world, that impelled her Second Regiment over the Confederate works at Donelson to gain the proud title, "bravest of the brave," and that inspired Corse to the defense of Allatoona, while the bordering State of Wisconsin, impressed by the great slow lake that she worships, in the more deliberate march of her regiments, by slower, but no less certain steps, attained an equal military eminence with Iowa.

These fancies be as they may, it is certainly true that the people of Pennsylvania, and especially that part of it where Judge Miller and his immediate ancestors came from, have noble characteristics of benevolence, hospitality, and solid worth, as prominent as the Alleghanies. Her youth could not climb her grand mountains, or stray through her charming valleys, without promoting in themselves that physical development on which health and longevity depend, and at the same time cultivating those moral faculties which adorn the best of mankind.

Such scenes as we have here hinted at surrounded the native place of our subject and his immediate ancestry. His father, the venerable Samuel Miller, Sr., was born in Somerset County, but removed with his parents when a child to the county of Westmoreland, where he was reared, and where he became an active and prominent business man, distinguished for his energy, public spirit, and integrity, and also for his zeal as an "old fashioned Methodist," of

which church he became a member prior to his marriage, and to which he, with his wife, is still attached. He transferred his residence from Pennsylvania to Johnson County, Iowa, in 1854, where he and his wife, five years ago, he being 74 and she 73 years old, celebrated their "golden wedding," and it may be added here that her father, Henry Eicher, died in Ohio, in 1873, in his 99th year.

The personage with whom we have immediately to do, Judge Miller, is the second son of a large family, eight of whom are now living, and several of whom have become distinguished, in the church, the army, or the law. Two of his brothers, David S. and Alexander J.* reside on their farms in Johnson County; another, Clarke Miller, is a practicing attorney in Marengo, Iowa County; the distinguished Methodist Minister, Emory Miller, of the Upper Iowa Conference, is another brother; Samuel, a skilled machinist, and Henry B., a merchant, reside out of Iowa, the first in Pennsylvania, and the latter in Ohio; his sister Eliza is the wife of William H. Hallock, editor of a Missouri newspaper.

In his earlier youth, Judge Miller lived and worked on his father's farm, laboring in summer and attending school in winter. When he had attained his fifteenth year, his father having relinquished farming and gone into the foundry business at Mount Pleasant, manufacturing stoves, plows, and various kinds of machinery, young Miller engaged in this business with his father.

In 1844 he married Miss Mary, daughter of James Robinson, Esq., of the neighboring county of Fayette. Her father, though retaining for part of his family his residence in Pennsylvania, himself became an "Early Settler" of Iowa, having been a purchaser at the government sale of lots in Iowa City in 1841. On his purchase then made he built some of the largest buildings here at that day, and subsequently some which still stand and are counted with the

Alexander J. Miller, late Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Sixth Iowa Infantry, with which he served through almost the entire war, having joined it at its organization as First Lieutenant of Company G. He participated in many battles, and was highly commended by his superiors for bravery.

most permanent business structures of Iowa City. Several of his sons-in-law, with their wives and families, followed Mr. Robinson to Iowa, and settled at an early day in Iowa City. Among these was the late Nicholas Harvey White, (for several years a member of the Board of Curators of the Historical Society) who died in 1873. Mr. Robinson removed back to Pennsylvania in 1865, where his death occurred the 21st of last March, in his 87th year, his wife having died six months previously, aged 78. Thus were two of the pioneers of Iowa gathered to their fathers at a ripe old age.

Although Judge Miller had not the advantage of a university course, he has a good English education, obtained in the select schools of his early home, for the common school system of Pennsylvania had not yet been established in his youth. But the education of such a mind as his is never finished, and depends little on colleges and schools, the acquisition of one class of learning acting as a stimulus for the acquirement of others, and to-day he is a harder student, and acquires knowledge with greater facility, than ever before.

In 1846 he began the systematic study of the law, which for three years he applied himself to incessantly during his leisure hours and at night, supporting himself and his family meantime by working at his trade as a moulder in his father's foundry. He also, at the same time, with diligence extended his study of ancient and modern history as collateral with that of law, and so captivated was he by the charms of study, and so possessed did he become with the determination to master the profession, that to him this double work seemed no hardship.

By the year 1849 the present Constitution of Pennsylvania had gone into effect, with a more liberal code of laws. Previous to this the office of Justice of the Peace in that Commonwealth had been looked upon as well-nigh hereditary in certain families, and was at all events filled by appointment of the Governor, and in Mount Pleasant had been held for half a century by John E. Fleming, with great acceptability to the people; but in this year the

"Young America" party of Mount Pleasant elected young Miller to the office, as a tribute to his worth as a rising and persevering young man, and as a mark of their approbation of his efforts, in the face of great difficulties, to master the abstruse science of jurisprudence.

He had now become the most popular youth of the place, and his associates lavished upon him most of their honors. Among other marks of distinction they conferred on him, was the title of Captain, by electing and having him commissioned Captain of the "Jackson Blues," a military company whose history covered a period dating back to the South Carolina "nullification" troubles, during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, and which formed part of the "uniformed militia" of the State.

The discharge of his magisterial duties greatly facilitated the prosecution of his law studies, gave him a practical insight into legal technicalities and forms, compelled him constantly to investigate new points of common and statute law, and lent additional interest to a subject he had discovered an innate liking for. At the same time, his close application to his legal studies, which became well known, while it enabled him to give his judicial decisions with more intelligence, invested them with such authority as made them acceptable even to the amerced.

From April, 1849, to September, 1852, he held this office and discharged its duties, at the same time pursuing more closely his law studies, as the object of his ambition seemed nearer attainment. In the latter year he doffed the justice's ermine and the captain's cockade, and started with his family for Iowa. This journey was made by steamer from Pittsburg to Keokuk, and thence by stage to Iowa City, where he and his little flock arrived on the 10th of October.

On his arrival here he found the fall term of the District Court over, and a consideration of this fact and that the prospect of immediate practice for a new young lawyer did not seem flattering, together with his unacquaintance with the practice under the Iowa code, decided him to defer, for a time, entering upon his profession, and to accept the offer of the two Iowa City papers, "The Iowa Republican," and

"The Iowa Capital Reporter," to report for them the proceedings of the Senate during the session of the Fourth General Assembly, then about to convene at Iowa City.

At the spring term of the District Court for Johnson County in the following May (1853) he was admitted to the bar, and at once opened a law office in Iowa City. His first case occurred soon after, being a suit before Squire Peter Ewing, involving a claim of six dollars for injury to a hog. Although the amount at stake was so small, the cause was hotly contested, requiring, besides the Justice, four lawyers for its decision. These were, for the plaintiff, James D. Templin, and James Harlan, two reverend lawyers of that day, the first of whom has acquired wealth from the keen and intelligent pursuit of business, and a state reputation as a legal author, and wealth and honors have also been the portion of the other as a United States Senator and Cabinet Minister. For the defence, besides Judge Miller, was Col. W. Penn. Clarke, whose fortunes, as various as his abilities, after securing for him a seat as a delegate for the counties of Iowa and Johnson in the Constitutional Convention of 1857, led him through the dangerous paths of a Pay-Master during the war, then gave him the practical direction of the interior department as its chief clerk, and have finally anchored him at Washington City, as a resistless pleader before the court of claims. These are outlines of the careers of the lawyers, but what became of the justice, clients, or hog, we do not know.

A tin "shingle," attention to business, application to study, and honorable conduct toward his clients, soon brought their rewards in clients with gold in their hands, gave him local popularity, placed him in the front rank of the profession of his town, and finally laid that foundation on which his eminent reputation as a jurist now rests.

In August, 1854, on the ticket opposed to the democracy, he was elected prosecuting attorney for Johnson county, a no despicable tribute to his popularity, for with one other exception, all his associates on the ticket were defeated. The duties of this office he discharged for the full term of two years.

In 1867 he was selected as one of the republican candidates for representative in the legislature from the district then composed of Iowa and Johnson counties, but the democrats having received accessions of strength, their majority was too strong to be overborne by personal popularity, however great, and he was defeated.

At the October election of 1858, the first held under the present constitution, he was elected judge of the eighth judicial district, comprising the counties of Benton, Cedar, Iowa, Johnson, Jones, Linn, and Tama, and entered upon the difficult and responsible duties of the office on the first day of January, 1859.

Whether attributable or not to the tardy manner in which criminal cases had been dealt with by the courts, it is certain that the tendency to mob violence and the organization of "vigilance committees" culminated about this time in our state, so that the summary execution of suspected horse-thieves and supposed highwaymen was at that time deplorably and disgracefully common. If the lax administration by the courts was answerable for these disorders, the prompt and impartial method with which judicial business, whether civil or criminal, was disposed of by Judge Miller, must have had its full share in that salutary change in public morals, which, since the time referred to, has been so noticeable in Iowa.

At that time the courts were overwhelmed with business. In Judge Miller's district, the cases on the calendar had accumulated for about three years back, having been continued from term to term. He at once set himself to work to clear the dockets in the several counties of his district, and by persistent industry accomplished the task in the first two years of his term.

Holding court in those days in Iowa, besides its plodding hard work, was somewhat fruitful in adventure. At that time none of the county seats in the eighth district were accessible from any direction by railroad, except those of Iowa and Johnson, and the Judge usually traveled in his own conveyance. On one occasion, on the adjournment of court at Vinton, in the winter of 1861–2, which was remark-

able for its deep snows, a heavy fall of snow occurred with high winds, which blocked with snow drifts the Vinton and Cedar Rapids road, on which Judge Miller and a large party with sleighs and cutters sallied out toward their homes. They found it necessary frequently to pull down fences and travel through the fields to avoid the drifts. Sometimes, however, this could not be done, and then shoveling had to be resorted to. Besides the mail sleigh with many passengers, there were Col. I. M. Preston and Judge William Smythe, of Marion, and Mr. William Greene, of Cedar Rapids, the latter being with Judge Miller in his cutter. When within nine miles of Cedar Rapids, night began to fall, and the party determined to stop till morning at a tavern half a mile beyond them. At this crisis, in passing over the bottom rail to return to the lane, which no longer could be avoided, Judge Miller's plug hat was jolted off and was carried by the wind with great velocity to distant parts. Greene made such an effort to save it as a bold swimmer does to save a drowning child, but soon broke through the crust of the snow, and was floundering beyond his depth, when he desisted. The Judge borrowed, at the tavern, hat enough to last him to Cedar Rapids, where he procured a new one, and sent back the borrowed one. In the spring, when the snow melted, the lost hat was found by a little boy who looked upon it as quite a trophy.

In 1862, after a service on the bench of nearly four years, in which the public were well and faithfully served and the bar well satisfied, he resigned his judgeship, to accept the colonelcy of the 28th Iowa volunteers, then organizing at Camp Pope, near Iowa City. The last year of his service as judge was one of irksome restraint on his inclination. The martial spirit of every one was aroused, and it did not seem to him becoming that the former captain of the "Jackson Blues" should dally at home over law decisions when the very foundation, not only of law but of constitutions, had been submitted to the dread arbitrament of the sword. For two months Col. Miller performed perhaps the hardest service that falls to a commander — to drill raw recruits under the shadow of their own eaves. He did it, however,

with such tact as to gain their applause without sacrificing discipline. In November, with the 28th, he broke up camp and proceeded, via Davenport, by rail and steamer, to Helena, Arkansas, in the environs of which he encamped with his regiment about the 20th of November.

The campaigning done by the troops encamped on the banks of the Mississippi from Helena to Young's Point during the winter of 1862–3, was of the most exhausting kind. Unwholesome water, and malarial and contagious diseases, undermined the strength or destroyed the lives of many of that army that hovered near Vicksburg that winter, encamped near the levee or close to the bayou (localities which, as hinted at by the historian Ingersoll, in his work on "Iowa and the Rebellion," were salubrious for alligators, but fatal to men), while the bottomless roads and inclement weather disheartened the well.

At Helena Col. Miller remained all winter in what was denominated winter quarters, but he, with the whole or detachments of the regiment, made frequent expeditions in different directions. It was a detachment of the 28th with a detachment from the 11th Ohio under command of a captain, that cut the levee and allowed the waters of the Mississippi to rush into the "Yazoo Pass," which afterwards became so famous.

The 28th, with Col. Miller at its head, also formed a part of the expedition commanded by Gen. Gorman, which ascended White river in January, 1863. Capt. Stuart, in his "Iowa Colonels and Regiments," in speaking of this campaign says:

"If on this expedition Col. Miller and his regiment won little distinction, it was because no occasion offered. One thing is certain, that the hardships and exposures attending the movement were hardly ever equalled. The weather was cold, and it rained and snowed by turns, almost incessantly. Scores contracted diseases on the White river expedition, which totally disabled them for service."

The arduous services and exposure experienced in this expedition laid the foundation of that disease which finally com-

pelled Col. Miller, on the entreaty of friends, and the recommendation of surgeons, to resign and come home in March, 1863, the alternatives presented being certain death down there, and the possibility of recovery at home. His constitution was very much impaired, and it was not till long after the war that it recovered its pristine strength.

In the spring of 1864, his health having been partially renewed, he resumed business as a legal practitioner at Iowa City, and about this time began to prepare "A Treatise on Pleading and Practice in Actions and Special Proceedings at Law and in Equity in the Courts of Iowa Under the Revision of 1860," the first edition of which was published in 1868, and, though a large one, has already been exhausted, and a new one, revised to meet the changes resulting from recent legislation, being called for, is now in course of publication — the best evidence of the appreciation by the bar, of the worth of the work.

In 1868 he was again called to the bench by an election as judge of the circuit court in the eighth judicial district, and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such at the beginning of January, 1869.

The experience gained while acting as district judge, and now as circuit judge, the approbation with which his decisions were received by the bar and the public, the almost uniform endorsement they met by the superior courts, his high character for integrity and learning, and the general aptitude he had displayed for the bench, singled him out as the proper person to fill a vacancy in the supreme court, which occured before his term as circuit judge had expired.

Accordingly at the republican state convention held at De Moines in August, 1870, he was nominated with scarcely any opposition, as the candidate of this great party, for the high office of supreme judge, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. John F. Dillon, who had been reelected supreme judge to fill the term beginning January, 1870, but who had declined to qualify because appointed by the President one of the new circuit judges of the United States. In view of his nomination by the republican con-

vention, Judge Miller was appointed by the governor, and at the election ensuing in October, chosen by the people, to the office for which he had been nominated, the term of which will expire in January, 1876.

In accordance with a provision of the constitution, requiring the judge having the shortest term to act as chief justice, Judge Miller, since the beginning of the present year, has filled this exalted position, and will be required to do so till the expiration of his term.

Judge Miller's residence, since he came to Iowa, has been at Iowa City. In the spring of 1873, for the convenience of having easy access to the archives of the supreme court, and to the state library, whose volumes must often be consulted by the supreme judges, he removed with his family to Des Moines, but we believe he considers his residence there only temporary.

In the spring of 1871 Judge Miller became connected with the law department of the state university as the successor of Judge Wright, up to that time professor of constitutional and criminal law. This connection he still holds, lecturing at stated times during each course on the topics of criminal law, agency, the law of partnerships, and of private corporations.

It would seem, from the foregoing brief and imperfect outline of his biography, that Judge Miller's life has been too much engrossed by private and official affairs to leave much time for attention to religion, philanthropy, charity, benevolence, or politics.

But not so. He early adopted his father's religious views, and remains this day a consistent, sincere, and working member of that noble and progressive order of Christians embodied in the Methodist church, and, according to his ability, has always had as open and full a palm for the worthy poor as any Christian brother, while his benevolent disposition is also attested by his long connection with the great orders of Free Masons and Odd Fellows, in the lodges of each of which he has been over and over again called upon to preside.

In politics he started out as a whig, even before he had a vote taking a prominent local part in the presidential election of 1840, and ever since, when not occupying a seat on the bench, has taken a lively and leading part in the politics of his city, county, and state. His first vote was cast for Henry Clay, in 1844. He always espoused the anti-slavery cause, even before it was popular, and became a member of the republican party at its organization, and as such was a prominent and leading member of the state and congressional conventions which, in 1850, nominated James W. Grimes for governor of Iowa, and James Thorington for congress from the then second congressional district.

At home he was hardly ever allowed to rest from the cares of local office, which proclaims the esteem in which his neighbors hold him. He was for three years a member of the municipal government of Iowa City, having been elected a member of the city council from the second ward in 1854 and 1856, and from the fourth ward in 1867. He always took a deep interest in all public enterprises, especially of an educational character, and it was by his exertions mainly, while acting in the capacity of alderman, and as chairman of the committee on schools, in 1855, that the first three school buildings in Iowa City were secured (one for each ward as the city was then divided), at a time when Iowa City had no school building of any kind.

In stature, Judge Miller is five feet six inches, in weight 170 pounds. His hair is black, with an inclination to curl, his complexion dark, his eye clear grey. In his constitution the temperaments are nicely blended, with a slight predominance over the others of the sanguine and bilious, yielding a disposition of singular evenness and gentleness. As might be inferred, his prominent characteristics are firmness and perseverance. In manner he is cheerful and urbane, willing to listen or able to talk, rather disposed to gravity than gaity.

In the war he proved himself a brave and judicious commander, looking to the welfare and comfort of those under his command, rather than to his own. At the bar he was a

wise counselor and a powerful advocate, his rhetoric being effective rather from argument than from tropes or imagery. Making no pretentions to oratory, yet men hung upon his words. Money could not tempt him to encourage needless litigation, or to promote family dissention. As a judge, patient in investigation, discriminating in judgment, compassionate in sentence, his decisions are accepted as final and just.

If we follow him to the fireside, or to the social circle, we find the traits of character distinguishing him in official position still ascendant, but tempered to the occasion. As friend, husband, parent, son, or brother, he more than fulfills every obligation of duty. As a citizen, a civic functionary, or a military officer, duty has been the pivot on which every action turned.

Being in the prime of vigorous manhood, with a clear mind and mature judgment, the state may hope for many years of still further service from him on that bench which he at present illumines and adorns.

THE RIVER OF THE MOUNDS.

BY CHARLES NEGUS.

NEARLY every state has some one particular river which especially attracts the attention of its citizens, on which their minds delight to dwell, about which they bestow their praise. Iowa has the beautiful river Des Moines, on which her citizens delight to bestow their eulogies. More has been said, done, and thought about this river than all the other rivers in the state. In beauty of native scenery, in productiveness of soil, in mineral wealth, and in the many things which attract the attention, and add to the comfort of man, the valley Des Moines is not surpassed by any locality in the world.

The banks of this great water course and the surrounding country bear the marks of having been the home of a numerous people centuries in the past, and that this people were possessed of many of the arts of civilized life. But of what race of people they were, and of the acts and scenes which have taken place in this beautiful valley, we may imagine, but probably never know. Of their habits and customs they have left some marks; but still there is wrapped around these evidences of their doings a mystery which is hard to solve. The record history of this locality is of quite modern date.

The first discovery of this river by Europeans has its romance, and the incidents attending it are apt to make a vivid impression upon the mind of a person when he first learns their history. James (Jacque) Marquette and Louis Joliet made a bold adventure into an unexplored wilderness to find out the truth of reports made to them by the Indians, of the existence of a great river in the west. When they had paddled their canoes up the Fox river, crossed the portage, and reached the waters of the Wisconsin, their guides tried to dissuade them from further pursuing their journey —"telling us," Marquette says, "that we would meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without provocation; that they were at war with each other, which would increase our danger; that the great river was full of perils, and of frightful monsters, which swallowed up men and canoes; that it contained a demon that engulfed all who dare approach; and, lastly, that the excessive heat would infallibly cause our death."

Failing to dissuade them from pursuing their journey, their guides returned, and left them "alone in this unknown land, in the hands of providence." Without any one to direct their way, accompanied by only five companions, Marquette and Joliet navigated their canoes down the Wisconsin in search of the great Mississippi; and in seven days "they entered happily the great river, with a joy that could not be expressed."

They did not stop here, but pursued their journey further

upon unknown waters, and as they sailed down this magnificent stream, passing the numerous sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water fowls, glided by the many islands which dotted the water, covered with dense thickets, and viewed the lofty bluffs and extensive prairies, not a sign of a human being interrupted their course or met their vision for eight days, and they began to think this mighty river was dedicated alone to wild beasts and birds. About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, on the west bank of the Mississippi, for the first time, they discovered the signs of human beings. There they found in the sand footprints of a man. Following these tracks, they discovered a trail leading across a beautiful prairie, and Marquette and Joliet, leaving their canoes in the care of their companions, by themselves alone pursued the unknown path to ascertain whose feet had made it. After walking about six miles they discovered an Indian village on the bank of a beautiful river, and three other villages on a slope at the distance of a mile and a half from the first. This stream was what is known at this time as the crystal waters of the river Des Moines, which at that time was called by the natives Mon-in-gou-e-na, or Moingona. From whence came the change of name, and what the words *Des* and *Moines* mean, have been matters of some speculation. It has been stated by a learned historian (Bancroft, vol. III. p. 158) that Des Moines is a corruption of the Indian word, *Moingona*. It has also been claimed that the meaning of the latter word is, *at the road*. (Iowa Gazetteer, p. 18, Nicollett's report to congress, February 16, 1841, published in 1849, pp. 22 and 23.) It is claimed by others that the name Des Moines is of French derivation; that the word de or des in English means *of the*, and the word moine means *monk*, and is here used in the plural, and that the name, as applied to this river, means, the river of the monks. A monk is "a man who retires from the ordinary temporal concerns of the world, and devotes himself to religion. Monks usually live in monasteries, on entering which they take an oath to observe certain rules." It is claimed that there was once a monastery estab-

lished on the banks of this beautiful stream, and from this circumstance it was called the river Des Moines, or the River of the Monks. This conclusion was probably arrived at from the fact that the French word moine is sometimes used to designate this class of individuals, and if such was its only use such might be a natural inference. But it is believed that it will be hard to find any well authenticated history, establishing the fact that a monastery was established in this region of country previous to this river bearing this name; or that any monks ever took up their abode in this locality.

The voyage in which this river was discovered was prosecuted by two individuals of different callings, and for different purposes. It was patronized by the French government and the Catholic church. The former, stimulated by a desire of making discoveries and enlarging their possessions; the latter, by a zeal to spread its religion and convert the Indians.

It is difficult to conceive any object the church would have to establish a monastery here, or that this class of individuals of the Catholic faith would have, that would cause them to desire to locate themselves in this far-off lonely wilderness. From these circumstances, to satisfactorily account why this name was given to this river, will require further investigation. In the valley of this river, and on the banks of the Mississippi, especially about Montrose, they found, when these localities were first explored, many mounds. A mound is, "an artificial elevation of earth, terms used technically in the United States as synonymus with barrow, or tumular, designating a large class of aboriginal antiquities or earth-works, scattered through the valley of the Mississippi river and tributaries." There are to be found in the valley "a succession of earth-works extending from the lakes southward to the gulf." Some of these works appear to have been erected for military purposes, and others in connection with religious ideas and the burial of the dead. Most of these mounds are constructed of earth, but some with earth and stone. These works are of various shapes; some "square, terraced, and

ascended by graded ways; some hexagonal, octagonal, or truncated, and ascended by spiral paths;" and some are of an enormous size. There is a mound "on the plain of Cahokia, in Illinois, opposite to the city of St. Louis, which is 700 feet long, by 500 feet broad, at the base, and is 90 feet high, covering over eight acres of ground, and estimated to have 20,000,000 cubic feet of contents."

In some of these works are found many relics of art, "displaying greater skill and advancement in the arts than was known to exist among the tribes found in occupation of this country at the time of the discovery by the Europeans; such as "elaborate carvings in stone; pottery, often of elegant designs; articles of use and ornament in metal, silver, and copper." Things which must have come from distant localities are often found side by side in the same mound. These mouments indicate that the ancient population were numerous and wide-spread; "that their customs, habits, religion, and government, were similar; and that they pursued an agricultural calling; and were possessed, to a great extent, of the arts of civilized life, and a state of society essentially different from the modern race of North American Indians." These works bear the marks of great age, from facts gathered concerning them "we may deduce an age for most of these monuments of the Mississippi valley of not less than 2,000 years. But by whom built, and whether their authors migrated to remote lands nnder the combined attractions of a more fertile soil, and a more genial climate, or whether they disappeared beneath the victorious arms of an alien race, or were swept out of existence by some direful epidemic, or universal famine, are questions probably beyond the power of human invention to answer." These mounds are numerous in Iowa, and especially in the region of the river Des Moines, and the lower rapids of the Mississippi.

About six miles north of Ft. Madison, on the road to Burlington, near the brow of a bluff, is a mound about thirty feet long, and fifteen feet wide, making it eliptical in form. In the spring of 1874 a party made an examination

of the interior of this mound, and there was found, "a large number of separate compartments, which were each occupied by a skeleton, and articles of flint stone, and ornamental bones." "The compartments were constructed as follows: first, there was a floor made of limestone, which was evidently brought from a quarry some miles distant, this being the nearest point at which limestone could be obtained. the floor was regular and smooth, the best rock only being used." The sides of these graves seemed to have had stone walls, but when examined had caved in. "The roofs were made of limestone, and closely built. The contents of these compartments were a queer assortment of flint and curiously shaped stones. All the skeletons of human origin were placed in a sitting position, the knees drawn up, and the head leaned over between them." The arms were placed by the side and sometimes dropped over the knees. "Besides human bones, there were bones belonging to large birds, also the bones of some animals, and quantities of charcoal."

About half a mile above Montrose, and about five hundred yards from the river bank, on the prairie, there are five mounds, situated in a straight line, and evidently not the work of nature, but of some anterior race. Their height is about eight feet, and their circumference about one hundred, all nearly of a uniform size. At Kilbourne, in Van Buren county, there are three mounds on an elevated piece of ground, in the back part of the town, in close proximity to each other, which, when built, must have been of a large size. On the middle one, since the county has been settled by the whites, there has been a cabin built, and a large excavation made for a cellar, which has much changed its natural appearance, and the other two have been plowed over till they are apparently much flattened down from what they were originally. A little east of the town, on the brow of a high bluff, there are eight mounds in close proximity to each other. These mounds are located in a straight row, measure from thirty to forty feet across their bases, and are from three to four feet high. About a quarter of a mile north-

east from them, there is another mound about one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and about five feet high. This mound has been dug into in the centre to the depth of eight feet, but nothing discovered, except that the earth showed that it is artificial work; for, after digging to a level with the surrounding country, the earth was found to be of a dark color, like the prairie soil. About two miles south-east of Kilbourne, on the south side of the river, there are two mounds, about fifty yards from each other. These mounds are about one hundred and thirty feet in circumference, and about six feet high, both of which have been dug into and human bones discovered. About a mile from Iowaville, on the high bluff on the north-east quarter of section 5, township 70, range 11, there are six mounds of nearly uniform size, each about ninety feet in circumference, and four feet in height, so close together that their bases touch. About a third of a mile, across a deep ravine, on a high hill east of there, there is another mound which is fifty feet across its base, and about five feet high. On the prairie, within the bounds of the laid out town of Iowaville, and on the prairie back of it, there are a large number of tumulars, but none of them exceed two feet in height, are not symmetrical in form, or placed in relevant position to each other, like the works of the mound-builders, and it is not likely they were built by them. Here was once the noted village of the Iowa Indians. The prairie is level, and in wet seasons the water does not readily run off from it. These elevations of the earth were probably made by the Indians, on which to build their wigwams, so that they might not be exposed to dampness.

In Wapello county there is a chain of mounds "commencing near the mouth of Sugar creek, and extending twelve miles to the north-west, at a distance between reaching as far as two miles. The one nearest to the Des Moines is one hundred and forty feet in circumference, and is situated on an eminence, the highest point in the vicinity. The second mound lies directly north of the first, at a distance of about one-fourth of a mile. This mound is two hundred and

twenty-six feet in circumference. In May 1874, a party made an exmination of the larger mound, and upon digging into the centre they found "a ledge of stones at the depth of four feet, which bore all the marks of having passed through fire." They also found "a mass of charcoal, a bed of ashes, and calcined human bones.

In sections 30 and 31, in township 72, north, of range 10, west, in Jefferson county, there is some romantic and picturesque scenery. Here may be seen the waters of the Cedar meandering their course along its zigzag channel, sometimes swift and turbid, overflowing its banks, and attaining the size of a large river, but most of the time quietly and gently moving along as clear as a mountain spring. On the south side of this stream the ground is low and level, interspersed with small prairies and groves of timber, with here and there a little pond. On the north side the country is elevated and very broken, being interspersed with high hills and deep ravines, and at the first settling of the country, for a long distance, it was mostly a forest of woodland. At one point, for a number of rods, a high bluff comes up to the stream on one side, and a beautiful low prairie of several acres stretches out from the bank of the creek on the other.

At the first settling of the country, the bluff on the north side, from the bank of the creek for some thirty feet or more high, was nearly perpendicular, and mostly composed of a solid sand-stone, and then, for several feet more, gently sloping back, was earth and rock. This location must have been a place of attraction, and visited by those who had some knowledge of the arts of civilization, long before Iowa was permitted to be settled by the whites; for when this place was first seen by the early settlers of the country, at a point on this bluff most difficult of access, near the top, there was discovered, bedded in, and firmly bolted onto, the solid sand rock, an *iron cross*, the shaft of which was about three feet, and the cross-bar, eighteen inches long. A short distance from this place, a little north-east, on the summit of a high ridge, there is a series of mounds which give evidence of having been built by human hands many years in the past.

These mounds are from twenty to fifty feet across at their bases, and from three to five feet high.

Since the settlement of this country, this sand stone bluff has very much changed its appearance, and no longer presents the lofty front of earlier days. Large quantities of rock have been quarried out and taken away for building purposes: so much so that, instead of being almost perpendicular, it now presents a gradual slope, and the rock on which was fastened the iron cross has been undermined and tumbled down from its elevated position, and the cross has been pried off and carried away by the seekers of curiosities.*

Sac City, the county seat of Sac county, is situated on a beautiful site in the bend of the Raccoon river. Within the limits of this town there are found eight mounds "arranged in a general direction from north-east to south-west, but without regular order, the distance between the extremities in that direction being a little less than six hundred feet, and in the transverse direction, less than one hundred feet." Two of the mounds are eliptical in form, and the others are circular. The two elliptical ones are located farthest to the north-east. One of the elliptical mounds is ninety feet in diameter, east and west, and thirty feet north and south, and two feet high; the other, sixty by thirty feet, and two feet high. The circular mounds range from sixty to eighty feet in diameter,and from two and one-half to six feet high. These mounds have been dug into, but no human bones or works of art have been discovered.†

These works are peculiar to the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and are not found in European countries, and when the French took possession of this country, they had to designate them by some name, and called them

* A portion of this cross is now in the possession of the author of this sketch, and has the appearance of having been long exposed to the weather.

† The writer is informed that these mounds are found all along the valley Des Moines, and in various other parts of the state. It has been quite recently that his attention has been turned to the inquiries about the mounds, and the above described are the only ones of which he has been able to get accurate information.

moines. And from the fact that there were a great many mounds found in the valley of the river Des Moines, and about the lower rapids of the Mississippi, especially at and near Montrose, it is reasonable to suppose that the Indian name of Moingona was abandoned, and that this river and these rapids were designated by the French as the river Des Moines, and the rapids Des Moines, which mean the river of the mounds, and the rapids of the mounds. Gen. Pike and other early writers in speaking of this river, and these rapids, call them the river Des Moines and the rapids Des Moines. But in the act of congress defining the boundaries of the state of Missouri, it describes the line of the northern boundary as being in the "parallel of latitude which passes through the rapids of the river Des Moines." From these words, after the settling of Iowa, the Missourians claimed the rapids referred to were in the great bend of the river, near the town of Keosauqua, and set up title, and claimed jurisdiction over the territory in Iowa to a line due west through that point, which was the cause of much ill feeling between the authorities and citizens of the two goverments, and the means of calling into requisition the civil and military authorities of both parties interested, and of a lengthy litigation in the United States supreme court. All of which would probably have been avoided, had the true meaning of the words been understood, or the rapids described as the rapids of the mounds.

Those of the European race who first set foot on Iowa soil, have a history that is worthy of being known and remembered. Louis Joliet, one of the company who first explored the eastern border of Iowa, was born at Quebec, probably in the first half of the sixteenth century; he lived to be quite an old man, and died about the year 1730. He was noted as being a bold, daring youth, and fond of adventures. He received his education at the Jesuit college at Quebec, but instead of turning his attention to some profession, he in early life pushed his way into the western wilderness, and engaged in the fur trade with the Indians, and thus became familiar with their habits and language. His

reputation for boldness, prudence, and experience, with the Indians, became such that he was selected by Frontenac and Toland, the governor and intendent of Canada, acting under the direction of the French government, to explore the great river of the west, about which there had been so much heard from the Indians. Accompanied by only Marquette and five other Frenchmen, he left Quebec to push his way into the far distant prairies of the West, among unknown savage tribes of Indians. In this exploration he was engaged four months, and traveled 2,500 miles; took observations of the country, and made notes of the things he saw, with a view of making an elaborate report to his government on his return. He had the misfortune of losing his journal in "the rapids below Montreal," but he wrote out from memory, as well as he could, a history of his voyage, and made a map of the country he had explored. The French government gave him for his services the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where he built a house and fort for the purpose of settling there with his family, and embarking in trade; but he seems to not have remained there long, and subsequently engaged in business in the west. "In 1691 this island was captured by a British fleet, and his property destroyed," and "of his subsequent history but little is known."

James (Jacques) Marquette was born in Laon, France, in 1637, died in May, 1675. At the age of 17 he entered the society of Jesus, and in 1666 sailed for Canada as a missionary. He spent about eighteen months in the vicinity of Three Rivers, where he learned the language of several Indian tribes, and in April, of 1668, he went to lake Huron, where he established a missionary station. He did not stop here long, but during that year he was sent still farther west to a place called La Point, among the Ottawas and Hurons, who at that time lived in the northern part of Wisconsin, near the shores of Lake Superior, where he learned from "an Illinois captive the dialect of that nation," which was afterwards of much service to him.

The Ottawas and Hurons became involved in a war with

the Sioux, and were driven from their country, and Marquette followed the Hurons to Mackinaw, where he pursued his labors as a missionary, and built a chapel. But his being driven from La Point did not abate his zeal; he wrote to his superior from Mackinaw, "I am ready to leave this place in the hands of another missionary, and go, on your order, to seek new nations toward the South sea, who are still unknown to us, and teach them of our great God, whom they have hitherto not known."

In his intercourse with the Indians he had heard of a great river in the west, and as early as 1669 had resolved to explore this country and visit "the river and the nations that dwell upon it, in order to open a passage to so many of our fathers who had so long awaited this happiness." But his desire to see this great river was not gratified till 1673. In that year the French government sent out Joliet to explore this country, and find out the direction and mouth of the Mississippi, when Marquette was instructed to accompany the party as a missionary.

The company left Mackinaw in two canoes on the seventeenth of May, and made their way for the Wisconsin by way of Green bay, Fox river, and the portage, and floated down the waters of the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, which they reached on the seventeenth of June. Marquette, with Joliet pursued their journey down the river to near the mouth of the Arkansas, where they held a council, and on the seventeenth of July turned their course homewards. Marquette stopped with the Indians to pursue his labors as a missionary, while Joliet returned to Quebec to report the results of their exploration.

Marquette remained with the Indians till in the spring of 1675, when, his health failing him, he started to Canada. He entered a little stream in Michigan, where he made a stop to engage in religious devotions. Here he erected an altar, and when he had said mass he asked those who accompanied him to leave him by himself for a half-hour.—

> ——"in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the coolness and silence knelt down,
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication."

At the end of the half-hour his companions returned to him: his body was there, but his spirit was gone. His companions buried his body on the banks of this stream, which circumstance caused it to be called Marquette, and his memory is perpetuated by this river still bearing that name. But the respect for him was such that his remains were not permitted to rest in this then lonely place, but in 1677 were taken up and carried to Mackinaw, there they were deposited in the place assigned for the dead.

On the 25th of June, 1673, Marquette and Joliet stood on the high bluffs of the Mississippi, examining a little foot-path leading into a beautiful prairie, somewhere near the point where has since been built the town of Montrose, which was then many days travel from the abode of civilized man. Imagine the thoughts which passed through their minds. They were alone, far from home and protection. It was evident this path had been beaten by the wild uncivilized savage, whom to meet in this wilderness the chances might be death. They had been sent to make discoveries; their missions prompted them to see and learn all they could, and it was evident to them that to pursue this path they would meet with those who made it. Their eagerness to learn prompted them to hazard all danger, and leaving their five companions with their boats they commenced to tread the beaten track, and pursue its winding way till they discovered the wig-wams of those who had made it. They advanced undiscovered near enough to hear the talk of the occupants. In order to show they meant no surprise or harm, they made a halt "and commending themselves to God," by a loud cry announced their presence. And here on the picturesque banks of the river Des Moines was the first meeting of the white Europeans and the red man of the wilderness on the prairies of Iowa.

Their apprehensions of danger were soon made to vanish; they found themselves among friends who were glad to see them and give them their hospitality, and do them homage. Their reception, so far as the means and ability of the red

man would permit, was a splendid ovation. Four of their old men were deputed to meet them, and as they approached near the strangers, introduced themselves by saying, "we are Illinois" (which means, we are men), and presented them with the calumet of peace, and invited them to their village. As they entered the town an aged chieftain, on receiving them at his wig-wam, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "How beautiful the Sun! Frenchmen, when you come to see us, our whole village awaits thee; you shall enter in peace into all our dwellings," and tendered them with unfained sincerity their hospitality. On arriving in their village, all the inmates turned out with a wondering curiosity to see their strange visitors.

Marquette (who could speak their language) told them of the object of their visit, that they had been sent by the French, their friends. He spoke to them of the great God of the white man and the red man, and of his peaceful teachings. To which the sachem of the tribe replied as follows: "I thank the black-gown (Marquette), and the Frenchman (Joliet), for taking so much pains to come to visit us, never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as now; never has the river been so clear, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Ask the great spirit to give us life and health, and come thou and dwell with us."

Such was the first interview between the white man and the red man, within the boundaries of Iowa. After these ceremonies the cravings of hunger were provided for, by a feast of Indian delicacies. Marquette says, "the feast consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways. The first dish was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water, and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoon of sagamity presented it three or four times to my mouth as he would to a little child; he did the same to Joliet. For the second course, he brought in another dish

containing three fish: removed the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it into my mouth as he would food to a bird. For a third course, they produced a large dog, which they had just killed, but learning we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild buffalo, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths."

After six days delay and an invitation to new visits, Marquette and Joliet took their departure from the village of their new acquaintances, accompanied to their boats by on escort of six hundred Indians. They bid the Indians a parting farewell, embarked in their boats, and soon passed down the river out of sight of their new formed acquaintances. Thus ended the first social interview between the untutored Indians and white men, that ever took place on the soil of Iowa.

The Illinois Indians, a nation composed of the Kaskaskian, Cahokian, Peorian, Michigan, and Temori tribes, were once a great and powerful people, and occupied as their hunting grounds a large portion of Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. Tribes that once ranked among the largest and most powerful nations on the continent, they numbered their warriors by thousands, and bid defiance to their enemies. But, like other nations, they had their rise and fall, they came and went. At first they were weakened by the powerful Iroquois from the east, and the fierce and warlike Sioux from the north, and west. The once subdued Sacs and Foxes, leaving their former homes on the St. Lawrence, moved west, and by uniting their forces as one people, gradually became strong and powerful, and commenced their aggression on the grounds of the Illinois.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived in his prime, the great Indian chief Pontiac, who, by his power of intellect, art of combination, industry, skill, and bravery, had made himself the acknowledged leader of the tribes in the west; a ruler with despotic power, who had endeared himself in the hearts of the red men as their father. He was wantonly murdered by a Kaskaskia warrior,

a member of the Illinois confederacy, which act aroused the wrath and vengeance of the Sacs and Foxes, and enkindled a fierce and terrible war against this nation, which was carried on withhate and slaughter by the Sacs and Foxes and their allies, till this once great and powerful nation was exterminated, and no longer had a power or name among the nations of red men. The name of a great state and a noted river perpetuate their memory, but as a people they have long since ceased to exist.

The river Des Moines was embraced in the Louisiana Purchase, and came into the possession of the United States April 30th, 1803. The contracting parties at that time knew but little of the beautiful scenery and rich soil skirting the banks of this river, and little did they calculate the vast population that was to reside, and the enormous wealth that would be accumulated, here in this great valley. This locality must have especially attracted the attention of the French and Spanish Indian traders before the United States became possessed of it, for Gen. Pike, in his report of the exploration of the Mississippi in 1805, gives the names of five forts and two places on his map, located on this river, but he did not tell when they were made, or by whom occupied.

Not only did this locality attract the attention of the French and Spanish traders, but as soon as the whites were permitted to take possession of Iowa soil as their own, the valley Des Moines especially attracted the attention of the emigrant, and of the first purchases from the Indians, this part of Iowa, for many years, had a more dense population than any other part of the territory, and Farmington and Keasauqua, for a long time, were the most noted townsoff of the Mississippi river.

THE WET SEASON.

The year 1851 is noted as the wet season. A great portion of the country which nature designed to be arid, was, for several weeks, deep lakes of water. It commenced to be wet weather the fore part of May, and the heavens were almost daily blackened with angry clouds, and the rain poured down in torrents, frequently accompanied with violent winds and loud pealing thunder, till into July; and for most of this time the public highways, where they crossed streams, could not be traveled by teams. In almost every ravine there was a good sized rivulet, so that the finny tribes left their accustomed haunts, and swam up to, and had their sports on the highlands in the grassy prairies, and large numbers were found in the sink holes, after the flood had subsided. In the cultivated low grounds, the places where the farmer was accustomed to see the golden harvest, instead of rich fields of grain, were pools of muddy water; but very little was raised this season, and scarcity and want were hovering around the homes of the peasants.

This great flood was most severely felt in the valley Des Moines. The fences which protected the growing crops were nearly all swept away by the angry flood, carried onto other premises than the owner's, and the material mostly imbedded in common piles of drift, so that it cost more than it was worth to restore it to its proper place.

The surface of the smooth cultivated field was cut up into deep gullies and huge holes, and the meadows were covered with large piles of sand and debris, so that the fertility of the soil, and the ready cultivation of the land, were very much impaired.

All the towns on the banks of the river from Des Moines to the Mississippi, were more or less covered with water, and injured by the flood, and where had been the busy tramp of business, swam the finny fish. At Des Moines the river at one time was twenty-two and a half feet above low water mark. East Des Moines was under water to the second bank, and the citizens, instead of traveling the streets with

carriages, paddled their way in canoes. The town of Eddyville was, for many days, entirely submerged in deep water, and the citizens were forced to leave their well furnished homes, and seek shelter in hastily constructed tents, made with quilts and blankets, on the hill-side.

At Ottumwa, the flood run so high that all the bottom lands were many feet under water, and a long log about two feet in diameter, was floated up into the town, and lodged against a sign-post in the main traveled street in the place, which prevented teams from passing till it was removed. The water rose several inches over the floor of the principal hotel, and the guests sought egress and ingress by means of boats. The commonly traveled road from Ottumwa to Agency City, for several weeks, was obstructed with deep water. About the time the river commenced overflowing its banks, the stage undertook to make its usual trips, and in attempting to pass a low place in the road, before he was aware of danger the driver found his horses swamped in deep water, and to save them from being drowned, had to cut their harness, and abandon the coach, and the passengers with much difficulty saved themselves from a watery grave. The water continued to rise till the coach was several feet under water, and the current washed over it so large a quantity of drift-wood that when the water went down, the drift settling upon the coach crushed it to pieces.

At Iowaville the wide beautiful bottom prairies were one vast sheet of water; the flood reached from bluff to bluff; the river was a mile wide, all the buildings which stood near the banks of the river were raised from their foundations and floated down stream, and several families, when the flood abated, found themselves without a home. The waters of the river, when they were at their highest stage, as they rushed along in their mad career, presented a most singular appearance. The surface of the river was oval; being several feet higher in the middle of the current than at the banks, so much so, that a person of ordinary height, standing at the water's edge, could not see the bank on the opposite side.

This flood surpassed anything that had ever been known in the history of the country, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, or that of the natives who resided here before the country was settled by the whites; nor did any traditionary account of the Indians give any evidence of a like flood in all past times, and it is to be hoped the citizens of Iowa will never see the like again.

After the rains had ceased to pour down their torrents, the remainder of the season was very hot and dry, and the vegetation, which, in the fore part of the season had been so excessively moistened, in the latter part was parched up with heat and drouth, and the valley Des Moines stripped of its fencing, and covered here and there with piles of sand and debris, appeared like one vast desolated waste. Near Iowaville there was a large inclosed field, which had been under cultivation many years, and while the husbandmen were tilling the soil they did not dream they were walking about, and that the luxuriant harvest was waving over the graves of the departed dead, and little did they consider that many beings of their own race had trod on those grounds many years in the past. This flood disclosed mysterious information which was not known before. The waters in their mad career, being swollen out of their natural channel, rushed with force and violence over this inclosed field. And like as in other cultivated lands, the flood washed out deep excavations; it removed earth which had before been dug out and replaced by human hands; it developed the resting place of the dead, the graves of those who had lived and died at unknown times in the past. For when the water had subsided, in these excavations were found the remains of human beings; bones which had been clothed with flesh in the past, skeletons of a gigantic race, trinkets and ornaments, badges of distiction. These discoveries at the time attracted much attention and much speculation.

Dr. Peter Walker, who lived near by, made a careful examination of some of these remains, and found them of an enormous size; from the length of the bones of one which

he examined, he judged that the individual when living must have been from eight to twelve feet high. The jaw bone, which was in a perfect state of preservation, was so large that the Doctor, though a large man himself, could easily put it over his own face, and in this position, the extremities extended past his own ears, and some of the teeth measured an inch and a quarter across the face.

There were quite a number of articles found with the bones which had been washed up, that gave evidence those persons who had been buried there were in the possession of the arts of civilization. The large skeleton which was particularly examined by Dr. Walker, was probably a noted character in his time, not only for his size, but doubtless held some important station among his people, for among other things, there were found several of what was supposed to have been badges of distinction; around his thighs were steel bands, and on his arms, silver bracelets, which were neatly wrought and nearly two inches wide. The thought of a man from eight to twelve feet high, decorated with badges of influence and honor, majestically walking over the green prairies, excites the wonder and astonishment and leads to the inquiry, Was it in the days of mammoths that men of this dimension lived? and did they, like the latter, pass away and cease to exist? If a man of the nineteenth century lived of this dimension, he would excite the curiosity of the civilized world.

Who were these people whose bones were uncovered by the boiling flood? When did their race live here? Where did they come from? And where have they gone? Were they the builders of the mounds which are found scattered up and down the Mississippi valley, and over the plains of Mexico?

Of the builders of these mounds "history is silent concerning them, and their very names are lost to tradition." The principal remains of antiquity in Mexico are the ruins of temples, and the structures dedicated to defensive purposes. Those of undoubted high antiquity are most massive in character, and display remarkable evidence of tact and skill. The present generation can "learn but little of

the building of those works, and less of the builders." Who those people were, how they came and disappeared, the mind can imagine, but will probably never know.

On the bluffs just back of Iowaville, about a mile from this burying-ground, on the land of Joel F. Avery, there is a vein of coal about four feet thick, which crops out on the surface. In December, 1873, Benjamin F. Bryan was employed to work this mine. In drifting an entrance into the bank, twenty-three feet from the surface, imbedded in the solid vein of coal, about a foot from the bottom, he found a bone about seven inches long, and an inch in diameter, of a redish color, which, from examination by those familiar with anatomy, was supposed to be the bone from the arm of a human being. From the solid manner in which it was imbedded in the coal, it was evident it must have been deposited there at or before the coal formation, which would indicate that this locality had been inhabited by human beings many hundred years in the past.

This season was also noted for several severe storms of wind, one of which passed through Jefferson county, broke down nearly all the timber within its reach, leveled the fences even with the ground, and destroyed several houses. During the fore part of the summer of this year, the terrible scourge, cholera, prevailed along the river Des Moines, and in most of the thickly settled parts of the state, and large numbers were swept away by the fatal malady. The most healthy and robust persons, while feeling no symptoms of disease, would suddenly be taken with vomiting and purging, and in a few hours large and fleshy persons would be reduced to mere skeletons, the skin become loose and shriveled like that of some very old persons; then cramping would set in, which convulsed the whole body with the most excruciating pains, till death relieved the sufferer. Persons not apprehending any danger, would frequently be attacked, and in a few hours breath their last. When one of a family became sick, another and another would be attacked, till often whole families in a few hours would be taken away. Neighborhoods became alarmed and many

left their homes, and frequently it was difficult to get any one to take care of the sick, or bury the dead.

The flood, the failure of the crops, and the sickness in Iowa, made many dissatisfied and anxious to leave the country, and many of them who could, disposed of their farms and left the state. The working of the gold mines in California increased the discontent, for some had gone from the state to California as early as 1849, and quite a large number in the spring of 1850, and the most wonderful accounts of the rapid accumulation of fortunes were constantly being sent home to the states. The prospects of rapidly accumulating great wealth west of the Rocky mountains, and the almost a famine in Iowa, from the wet season, had such an effect on the citizens, that the future prospects of the state were very gloomy and unpropitious. Business became stagnant, many houses and farms were tenantless, many sold their possessions at reduced prices, and it seemed, for a while, as if every body were bound to leave Iowa.

On account of the failure of the crops, and the large emigration which passed through Iowa to California and Oregon, all the provisions which could be bought were consumed by the emigrants, and much more was wanted. There was also a great demand for horses, mules, oxen, and cows, to take west of the mountains, and any farmer who had anything to sell found a ready market at his own door. Corn went up from ten cents to a dollar a bushel, and every thing else in the same proportion, except real estate, which declined in value as fast as other things increased.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

BY D. C. BLOOMER.

(Concluded from page 236.)

THE market price of all kinds of farm products was very low at the beginning of 1873. In January, corn sold at Council Bluffs at 16 cents per bushel, oats, 18 cents, barley, 30 cents, wheat, from 50 to 65 cents. These figures slowly advanced during the year, and in December wheat stood at 80 to 90, corn at 36, and oats at 28 cents. The crops were a fair average. The wheat was a good deal injured by heavy rains in June and July, but these helped the corn forward and secured a good yield. The autumn was very mild, and fine Indian summer weather continued almost until the end of the year. The winter of 1873–4 was a remarkably pleasant one all over western Iowa. It hardly rained from October to April, and the largest fall of snow did not exceed four or five inches in depth.

Six new civil townships were this year created by the Board of Supervisors, viz: Keg Creek, Wright, Pleasant, Layton, Norwalk, and Hazel Dell. This increased the whole number of civil townships in the county to twenty-two. Norwalk and Hazel Dell were formed out of the old township of Crescent, and there was a protracted and bitter discussion among the people on the question of division, resulting finally in the formation of two new organizations, leaving the old name to apply only to township 76 of range 44. Layton township was so named in honor of Capt. Joshua C. Layton, an old resident of the county. Simeon Wright, whose name was also commemorated in the same way, had been for many years a practical farmer and resident of Walnut township, from which the new township

of Wright was set off. Both Pleasant and Layton townships were set off from the old township of Knox.

The tax levied this year for general purposes by the Board of Supervisors was 13½ mills, which was largely increased by the school and bridge taxes in the different townships. In Council Bluffs city the total levy, including city taxes, was 34¼ mills on the dollar. This large taxation was very severely felt, the general dullness in business and low prices of farm produce making it very difficult for the farmers, especially, to pay their taxes. The sum of $46,560 was collected from the railroads. At the September term of the Board, a settlement was made with H. T. Clark for the construction of twelve new iron and wood bridges, the total amount paid him being $11,391.80. The total expense of criminal prosecutions during the year was $5,388.

During the summer, county warrants were for the first time in the history of the county paid on presentation to the treasurer. This very desirable result had been reached by the bonding of all the outstanding warrants in 1872, and by careful economy on the part of the Board of Supervisors. The great expense of the courts, however, did not permit warrants to remain at par for any great length of time, and by the end of the year they again sold at 85 and 90 cents.

Council Bluffs continued to be the resort of the light-fingered genty, who, by three carde monte and other tricks, were enabled to plunder the unwary of their money. The most deplorable case of this kind was that of the Rev. W. R. Mosher, of Story county, who, coming to the city with a large quantity of butter, was induced to risk his entire stock in trade on the turn of a card. Of course he lost. He appealed to the authorities for redress, and the butter was finally regained, but the excitement and mortification was too much for the unfortunate victim, and he returned to his family with a mind shattered and crazed, and in a few weeks more his death was announced. As the year wore on, more vigorous measures were adopted to rid the community of these pests, and a very fair degree of success crowned the efforts of the police, but still, in spite of all precaution,

men were still found so foolish as to risk their money, and always lost, as a penalty for their folly.

A deep religious feeling was aroused in Council Bluffs during the month of March, by a series of union meetings held at first in the different churches, but finally in the largest hall in the city. They were conducted several days by the Reverend H. P. Hammond, a noted revivalist, who preached and exhorted with remarkable fervor, both in the hall and on the streets. He came here from Des Moines, escorted by some sixty of the prominent residents of the capital, to bear their testimony to the wonderful success which had attended his labors in that city. The result of these meetings was shown in large accessions to the membership of the different churches.

The city election in Council Bluffs was rather a tame affair, there being hardly any contest except for a single officer. The officers chosen, either without opposition, or by large majorities, were as follows: Mayor, N. D. Laurence; Recorder, F. A. Burke; Marshall, H. A. Jackson; Treasurer, Jacob Williams; Assessor, T. B. Bowman; Aldermen, H. H. Field, E. L. Shugart, R. L. Douglass, W. A. Wood, Geo. H. Tabor, W. C. James, and J. H. Warner. The officers appointed by the council were, City Engineer, L. P. Judson; City Attorney, E. E. Aylesworth; Supervisor, E. Thornton.

An ordinance had passed the previous month, largely reducing the salaries of the mayor and other city officials.

The principal improvement of general importance consummated this season by the city council, was the cutting of a road through the high hill in the northeastern part of the city, thereby greatly improving the approaches to the city from that direction. This work cost $3,128.64, of which amount $1,000 was paid by the county, the balance being paid by the city.

At the annual school election held in March, the officers elected were S. H. Riddle, president; J. S. Forman, treasurer; and Wm. Groneweg and H. H. Field, directors. The total expenditure for the previous year, exclusive of pay-

ment of bonds, was $25,702.55. Twenty-six teachers were employed in the public schools of the city.

On the 29th of April, quite a large fire occured in the village of Avoca. Several buildings were burned, including the one occupied by the Avoca Delta printing office, which was entirely destroyed. During the following month the county was visited by several severe storms, doing considerable damage to buidings, and partly unroofed the high school building and institution for the deaf and dumb in Council Bluffs.

The Council Bluffs Daily Tribune, by Berry & Smith, was commenced early in May, and continued to be published for three or four months. In November, this was succeeded by the Daily Globe, by Moorehead & Co., which is still published. The Tribune was independent in politics, while the Globe took ground against the national administration, and was soon recognized as the opposition organ. The other papers published in the county were, the Nonpareil, daily and weekly; the Republican, and the Record and Farmer, both weekly; and the Central Christiand Avocate, monthly. The Avoca Delta soon appeared in a new dress, under the management of B. W. Adams.

The questions growing out of the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad still continued to occupy public attention. The transfer train maintained by that road proved none the less vexatious and burdensome from long usage. A case was made up for the decision of the attorney general of the United States, which, it was thought, might tend to finally settle the question. It did not do so, however, and in July, Messrs. Hall & Co. commenced a suit in the circuit court of the United States, for Iowa, asking for a peremptory mandamus to compel the Union Pacific Company to run its trains across the bridge to Council Bluffs. Various question were raised as to the right of the plaintiffs to maintain this suit, all of which were decided in their favor. A final decision has not yet been reached.

On the 31st of May the United States land office was removed from Council Bluffs to Des Moines. It was first

established on the 12th of March, 1853. During the twenty years in which it had been kept open, nearly all the public lands in south-western Iowa, excepting those donated by congress to the railroads, had been sold. The persons who had held the office of register during this period were, Joseph H. D. Street, L. W. Babbitt, James Pollard, L. S. Hill, Frank Street, Sylvanus Dodge, and Nehemiah Baldwin. The office of receiver had been held by S. M. Ballard, Enos Lowe, A. H. Palmer, and D. C. Bloomer.

The villages of Avoca, Walnut, and Neola, on the Chicago & Rock Island railroad, continued steadily to increase in population. A number of new buildings were erected in each. Avoca took the lead, and gave evidence of a steady and durable growth. Several churches were commenced and a fine large brick school house was erected. The surrounding country is among the most beautiful and fertile portions of western Iowa. Indeed, the whole eastern part of the county received large additions to its population this year. New farms were opened in great numbers on the prairies, and the demand for land for actual settlement was active and continuous.

The Fourth of July was intensly hot, but in the afternoon the air was cooled by a storm of wind and rain. The grangers celebrated the day by gatherings in Crescent, Knox, Kane, and other townships, and in Council Bluffs there was a large turn-out at the races on the fair grounds.

The annual conference of Latter Day Saints in September, was the largest collection of people ever convened in the county. People were present not only from all parts of Iowa, but also from several other states, some having come a distance of over three hundred miles in their wagons, to attend the meeting. Joseph Smith and all his leading elders and co-workers were in attendance, and the services, which extended over several days, were closed on Sunday with a public baptism in the presence of many thousands of spectators. The conference was held in a beautiful grove in Kane township.

On the 26th of August, Charles Granville, while engaged

in threshing wheat on the farm of William Garner, in Kane township, was fatally stabbed by a knife in the hands of Thomas Davis, who declared that the deed was done in self-defence and while under the control of overmastering passion. He immediately surrendered himself to the officers of justice, and during the following winter was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary for six years. Granville was a young man and a new comer, while Davis had been a resident of the county for a number of years.

The great financial panic of 1873 was very severely felt in this county, paralyzing business to a large extent, and throwing many persons out of employment. There was, however, only a slight run on the banks and banking offices, and all were enabled to keep their doors open and promptly pay all demands made upon them. The line of discounts was, however, reduced to a very low limit, it being found for a time almost impossible to make collections. At this time the First National, the Pacific National, and the Savings Banks, were in operation, and also the banking house of Officer & Pusey, in Council Bluffs.

The directors of the agricultural society determined early in the season not to offer any premiums for the exhibition of fast horses at the annual county fair. This was done in consequence of the general belief that horse-racing, as it is commonly termed, occupied too conspicuous a place in such exhibitions. The "reform" did not prove very successful. When the fair came off in September, the "horsemen" held themselves aloof, and their places were not very well filled by those who had been most frequent in their complaints that these gentlemen with their horses had hitherto formed the principal attractions on such occasions. There was a large number of cattle on the grounds, and the show of agricultural implements was very good. But the farmers brought in but a meagre quantity of the productions of their fields and gardens, nor did they attend themselves or their families in any considerable numbers. The art hall was also poorly filled, so that the usual attractions were

wanting. Finally, the weather proved cold and unpleasant and hence the fair of 1873 was not considered up to the mark. No premiums were paid though many were awarded, the money being absorbed in the payment of old debts. All this, it was said, was because the fast trotters were not placed on exhibition, and "pools" permitted to be sold to those having money to risk on their favorite steeds. The experiment will hardly be repeated in Pottawattamie county.

The census taken by the state in 1873 gave the population of the county as 28,171, divided among the different townships as follows: Belknap, 157; Bloomer, 601; Center, 711; Crescent, 1,167; Grove, 515; Hardin, 216; James, 161; Kane, 1,362; Knox, 2,025; Macedonia, 403; Neola, 225; Rockford, 726; Silver Creek, 380; Walnut Creek, 614; Washington, 156; York, 225; Council Bluffs city, 1st ward, 1,601; 2d ward, 1760; 3d ward, 1723; 4th ward, 1,898; 5th ward, 1,311; 6th ward, 2,232. The total number of voters, 3,960. Number of dwellings, 3,507. Number of families, 3,598. Excess of males over females, 847. Number of acres of improved land, 79,964. The number of schools in the county, 101. Number of teachers, 160. Amount paid to teachers, $38,884.46. Total number of pupils enrolled, 3,988. The county superintendent reported a great deficiency in good qualified teachers. He also reported that, "with corn at fifteen cents and wheat at fifty cents, it was difficult to keep all the schools running even so much as six months."

The whole number of votes at the election in October was 2,842. Governor Carpenter's majority was 326. L. S. Axtell was elected representative by 370 majority over J. M. Talbot. George Doughty, sheriff, by 324 over J. B. Blake. Perry Reel, treasurer, by 48 majority over J. W. Chapman. David Tostevin, county surveyor, by 37 majority over L. P. Judson. R. L. Douglass, county supervisor, by 47 majority over Wm. Garner. John Bennett was elected auditor, and Wooster Fay county supervisor, without opposition. The county offices were about equally divided

between the two parties. The question of dividing the county, although not then directly at issue, entered largely into the contest, and probably controlled the result on treasurer, over which the most interest was excited. Mr. Axtell pledged himself to vote for submitting the question to the people.

Tuesday, November 18th, was a day of great excitement in Council Bluffs. Two noted prize-fighters had arranged to have a mill somewhere in the county. The sheriff, apparently anxious to prevent it, as were all decent people, requested the governor to send him material aid to that end. In response to this appeal, two uniformed military companies came on from Des Moines and were placed under command of Sheriff Doughty. They arrived early in the morning of the above day, and were stationed at the depot with the avowed intention of arresting the principals in the proposed fight. Well, the trains came over from Omaha filled with several hundred people of all shades, colors, and descriptions, but neither of the doughty champions of the ring were on board, so the train went on its way until it crossed the county line into Mills county. Here the ring was formed, the two principals made their appearance, having been brought on the ground in carriages. Two or three rounds were fought, when the affiair terminated in a row, and all parties started for their homes, and the military companies returned to Des Moines.

On the evening of December 7th, the silver wedding of Judge Caleb Baldwin was duly observed in Council Bluffs by a large assemblage of his friends and neighbors. The occasion was one of unalloyed pleasure to all present. The Judge and his excellent wife received numerous valuable presents, including a silver dinner set, presented by the members of the bar in the county.

The failure of the Texas Pacific Railroad, or the continuance of work upon it, brought back to the county this fall a large number of contractors, mechanics, and laborers. Many of these found themselves on their return without work or employment of any kind, the general dullness in

business and uncertainty in money matters adding to the difficulties of the situation. The county, however, was full of grain, and by economy and patience the winter was passed, and all who were willing to work were generally enabled to support themselves and families comfortably.

This year the order of the Patrons of Husbandry largely increased in the county. Granges were established in nearly all the townships, and by the end of the year the whole number reached forty. The membership was quite numerous and included many of the most intelligent and substantial farmers. On the 4th of December the anniversary of the order was celebrated in Council Bluffs. In spite of the bad weather, the attendance was quite large and addresses were delivered by Mr. Prindle, L. S. Axtell, J. Sterling Morton, and Miss Julia H. Garretson. Grange stores were established in Council Bluffs and Avoca, and also an elevator at the latter place. D. B. Clark, L. W. Babbitt, L. S. Axtel, J. M. Talbot, and J. C. Layton, were among the prominent members of the order.

OLD SETTLERS' POEM.

Written for and read before the Old Settlers of Van Buren County, at their Annual Meeting at Keosauqua, Iowa, August 19th, 1874.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

KIND friends, 'twas something new for me to say
I'd meet the dear Old Settlers here to-day.
'Tis passing strange I should consent to come,
To leave the privacy of hearth and home,
And thus present a paradox to you—
A maiden effort at full forty-two.

Yet 'tis appropriate—I mean the age—
For veteran soldier, nor yet gray-haired sage
E'er looks for fresh young Spring to re-appear
When Autumn strews the ground with leaflets sere.

Life's soft October, with its golden glow,
Brings back to us the vanished long ago.
The eyes that followed us—the hands we press'd,
The smile that thrilled us and the voice that blest.
From countless homes, Old Settlers have there passed
Lives all too beautiful and bright to last;
The dear ones, cherished in our bosom's core,
Who wait for us till life's brief dream is o'er.

This ground is hallowed. Though our mortal sight
May not behold the ladder from yon height,
Let softly down, that shining ones may stream
Along this path, as in the patriarch's dream,
Still do they come, their white robes gleaming there,
The sunlight shimmering through their golden hair,
All silently they join your waiting throng,
And, hushed and solemn, list to prayer and song.

Go with me first, to quiet Farmington.
From my old home my flight shall be begun.
And e'er my fancy takes its circling round
Kneel with her there, on consecrated ground.
With the low murmer of the near Des Moines
In solemn requiem let our voices join.
Our footfalls, too, must take a softer tread
Above the sacred sod that holds our dead.
'Tis most like home—that city on the hill,
Whose inmates sleep so peacefully and still.
'Tis there the oldest settler calmly rests,
With still hands folded on his pulseless breast.
Upon the marble gleaming pure and white
We read the names of Alfrey, Dickey, Wright,
Swazey and Kelley, Bolter, Good, and Shreeves,
From slumber roused not by the whispering leaves;

All undisturbed by the green boughs that moan
Their ceaseless miserere o'er each stone.

O! stout the hearts beyond the ocean's waves,
Who left, on England's shores, their father's graves,
Who came, Columbia's wilderness to tread
Without the sacred ashes of their dead;
Who felt that never more might lips be pressed
To flowers that bloomed above a mother's breast.
Who left behind, mid throes of anguish wild
The consecrated mound that held a child.
'Twould matter little where my steps might rove
Did not this magnet draw—*the graves I love.*

In Farmingham, a score of years ago,
When times were easy—locomotion slow—
We used to be so quietly content,
We wondered what life's hurried action meant.
'Twas Smith and Barton through that peaceful calm—
But when the action came, 'twas Smith and Schramm,
For, with the railroad came a change of work—
And pills and powder must give way to pork.
There's many a sturdy farmer here to-day
Who took his "porkers" there with loud display,
And home returning with his merchandise,
Displayed to wife and daughter's wondering eyes,
The lovely dresses, they had oft been told
Would surely come the day the pork was sold.

Republicans! if for a man you seek
To prove your doctrine, take old Dr. Meek!
I heard him at the opening of the war,
When every word he uttered left a scar.
You see, just then, we didn't quite agree,
And so he made his opening charge on me.
Am I disloyal? Wait and hear me through,
And then pass sentence, ye who donned the blue.

The upward growth of Farmington was planned,
When Charley Gleckler left the fatherland;

For her it were indeed a sad affair
Had he not settled permanently there,
And with him all such men as Tuttle, Bower,
Perry and Whitlock, Anderson and Tower,
Cooley and French, with Campbell, Browning, Rice,
Stoddard and Miller, Thompson, Ringer, Price,
Manning and Bateman, Church and Kings the twain,
Goodin and Davidson, Flood, Willis, Hayne,
And dear old Deacon Smith, whose blindness here
Will make Heaven's cloudless radiance dawn more clear.

If Henry Benson ever moves away
'Twill be for Farmington a sorry day.
This much I prophesy—and more than that—
'Twill be a blow to every Democrat.
The party, too, would feel a heavy shock
Were they compelled to lose the old man Brock.
George Whittall would be apt to miss him most,
But, crowded with the duties of a host,
He might not grieve, as men of leisure do,
But, rushed with business, *work* his sorrow through.

Hail to inventor,—Dibble is the man
With hand to fashion and with brain to plan,
Like old Goliath, tallest of the braves,
Van Buren cries, "Comest thou to me with staves?"
And Dibble answers, with triumphant shout,
"I come; just see how fast I turn them out.
My last improvement you have not yet seen,
It crowns mine as the Model Stave Machine."

A passing glance is all my space allows
Of Jimmy Thomas, driving home his cows.
And dear old Aunty, weak and pale to-day,
Straining the milk and bearing it away
To cellar cool, where cream would shortly rise
As golden as our glorious sunset skies.

And Frederick Rueckmeyer's kindly hand appears;
I've watched it oft, through bitter, blinding tears;

For when, each time, the coffin's sable lid
Closed o'er and a white face in darkness hid,
That sympathising hand would tremble so,
I knew one pitying heart could feel my wo.

If, upon Seth H. Craig you wish to call
You'll have to venture near a prison wall.
Ah! Good Samaritan, your kind heart grieves,
Perchance, for him who fell among the thieves.
Yet spare your sympathy, or else divide
With Pharisee, who seeks the other side.
He's only warden of the thieving clan—
An honest, upright, generous-hearted man.
Who puts their deeds of infamy to shame,
By pointing to his own untarnished name.

Come, Harvey Adams, make the closing prayer,
And then dismiss the group assembled there.
The Reaper has not passed his golden grain,
Some ripened shocks, though scattered, yet remain;
They, with the aged Sower, waiting stand
For their ingathering to the better land.

Never be Lawrence by the brave forgot
While she can claim as hers O. H. P. Scott!
Like ancient kinsman, when the pibroch rung,
With sword in belt—carbine from shoulder flung,
Calling young Strawn—the eldest of his clan,
He went as captain—every inch a man!
He fought as heroes fight, while near him stood
The son, whose valor showed his father's blood.
He rose to Colonel's rank, nor asked release,
Furlough nor rest, until the dawn of peace.

But ah! I know who suffered most—'twas she,
The wife and mother, who so silently
Waited and watched in her deserted home,
With bursting heart and lips all white and dumb,

Fearing, when battle's roar had died away,
To read their names coupled with "Killed To-Day."
I watched her through those years of dread suspense,
And when, at last, there came a recompense—
The glad return of husband and of son,
I felt her share of victory had been won,
Her faith been tried by sacrifice as grand
As Heaven required at the old patriarch's hand.

And her's but one of twice ten thousand hearts,
Wounded and tortured by those barbed darts,
The arrows of suspense, that rankled there,
The spears of doubts—the wounds of black despair.
O! mothers! daughters! wives! your country's weal
Was purchased not alone by shot and steel.

Stand forth, ye braves! speak out each dauntless soul!
Answer, if present, as I call the roll.
Are Wilkins, Johnson, and brave Cutler here.
Do Cy. and Tillman Langford re-appear,
As, after fourteen days of travel sore
They stood within the Union lines once more?
If he be absent, soldiers, search the prairie,
And bring old rusty, Major John McCrary!
He flinched not 'neath the rain of shot and shell,
Had more engagements than a modern belle,
Fulfilled them all, yet never once was stung
By questions of his faith in Brigham Young.

Captain Leroy S. Elbert answers not,
Yet never be his bravery forgot.
Entwined with laural and embalmed with bay,
Our memories fold it tenderly away.

If Hoskins and the Messrs. Brown are here
Let them arise; and brave Lieutenant Muir,
Receive your share of glory with the rest,—
You, who with Sherman to Atlanta pressed.

And Thacher, too, who joined that living wall
Built of the bravest hearts the North could call.

A little east of old Van Buren's heart
You strike against a rib—a bony-part (Bonaparte);
And there, old settlers, you may fondly dwell
Upon the memory of Van Caldwell.
The Old Dominion gave his great heart birth,
Van Buren cherished his exalted worth,
And Iowa, to consecrate her trust,
Unveiled her bosom to receive his dust.

With pride and pleasure do we turn to view
What persevering energy will do.
The Meek are blessed, and for their quiet worth,
Says prophesy, "they shall inherit earth,"
Their factory, with loom and flying wheel,
Attests their industry, while years reveal
What patient unremitted toil may claim,
The title to an honest, upright name.

Good Dr. Cressap rises at my call;
His dapple gray, old saddle bags, and all,
His finger on the pulse—his solemn guise,
For which you all pronounce him wondrous wise.

Josiah Clifton, with the brothers Scott,
The Keiths and Reeds can never be forgot,
And Wrigglesworth, and Singleton, and Lee,
With Warner, Smith, Ray, Richardsons the three,
And Doans, Ellis, Langford, Boston, Stotts
(To save the time, I give them thus in lots),
And Reynolds, Bower, Claflin, Enerick,
Johnson and Stewart (Christian name was Dick),
And Judd and Welch, who near old Jordan stand
To test the riches of their promised land;
While Slaughter, Nelson, Cave, propose to show,
How red men fled and left their Jericho;

How valient to the core, and brave of heart,
The "pale-face" met and called it Bonaparte.

Would see a specimen—a matchless job
Of nature's handiwork—take Harvey Robb;
His generous nature—unassuming worth
Can scarcely claim a counterpart on earth.
You'll find more wisdom—he makes no pretense
To erudition—but for common sense,
Plain go-ahead-a-tive-ness, bring your man
And prove you have excelled him, *if you can.*

Benton, I stood in cool Bellfountaine's shade,
And saw thy grave, before thy form was laid
Beneath the mould, and said, with tearful eye,
"'Twill hold as much of greatness as could die."
Yet there I erred—'twas but the feeble frame
They hid that day—thy glory and thy fame
Live after thee—e'en from yon distant hill,
We hear thy honored name re-echoed still.

'Twas not Seth Richards (this you know, of course),
Proposed to give his kingdom for a horse.
He's earned it all and knows its value well,
And therefore is not keen to trade or sell.

It took some people of the queerest sort
In early days to settle Bentonsport.
The name of Green, for instance, brings to view
Actions and manners of a kindred hue.
We never deem its bearers sharp or tough,
But verdant, innocent, "not up to snuff;"
Yet does our neighboring paper mill proclaim,
Its builders were not green, except in name,
But men, whose judgment ripe, and honor rare,
Made friends throughout the country everywhere.

And then the man who boasted least was found
To be one Bragg—called so the country round,

While Brown was whiter than his neighbor Snow,
Moore, long enough, and Long extremely low.

Sanford and Sullivan and Ross can tell
How much it cost to keep a good hotel
In early days, when men, without pretense,
Lived by their labor and plain commmon sense.

Does Dr. Bailey feel content—repaid—
For building such a home in Vernon's shade?
It must be satisfying thus to dwell
With friends he's known so long, and proved so well.

I tell you what—there's not a bit of sham
In the school founded up at Birmingham.
It does the County credit, and you'll see
How wonderful its future growth will be.
Descendants of such men as Cameron,
Rutledge and Norris (I mean Dr. John),
Of Miller, Plaskett, Bryant, Christy, Crumb,
Will prove by this their ancestors were "*some;*"
A western phrase you doubtless comprehend,
At least you do, Old Settlers of this Bend.

Hill, Holcomb, Johnson and the Tollmans two
Belong to Portland—where Jo Dickey grew
Into a merchant, a successful one,
And then moved down and sold at Farmington.
Whitten and Walker, Moreton, Belknap, Dowd,
Remained behind, at Portland with the crowd.

If ever Milton's citizens feel sick
They straightway send for Dr. Gilfillan quick!
So at Mt. Sterling, when they feel the need
Of counsel in their town affairs, with speed
They seek James Alcorn, who, by prompt advice
Settles dispute and discord in a trice

Mechanics, you have reason to rejoice,
For lo! a Carpenter, the people's choice,

Stands at your head; and right before you here,
A Mason, whom you honor and revere.
Judge Hendershott should not be far away
When to the honored we our tribute pay;
And not our County only, but our State,
Enrolls Charles Negus with her truly great.

Though the machinery of sister States
By party friction weakens till it breaks,
Your running Gear though lately set aside,
Will serve in future, for 'tis strong and tried.
Our Miller's strength we, surely, too, should know,
Because he served in Congress years ago;
You take no risks though, for McCrary's known,
And Palmer's latent force may yet be shown.

The welcoming shouts will scarce have died away
From this fair valley where you meet to-day.
Until there rises jubilant and free
An answering chorus from the plains of Lee.
Then unto you will flash, as from afar,
E'en as the golden beams of star to star;
The light of Intellect—of Genius true
That warns, electrifies, and thrills you through.

You know that Lee has heroes of her own;
Old Settlers some—some ripe in wisdom grown
Though not in years—for Craig, McCrary, Browne,
Rice, Howell, Gillmore, have achieved renown.
And Hornish, Lomax, Anderson can claim
The foremost ranks upon the roll of fame.
Then Marshall, Gibbons, Lowry, Sprague are found,
High up the ladder on the topmost round,
While Cochran, Ballinger and Edwards stand,
With Hagerman and Collier on each hand,
Each weaving in the galaxy of fame
The glorious sheen of an immortal name.

At Keokuk no stranger needs to wait,
If he would enter, open is her "Gait;"
Its keeper ne'er extortions extra toll;
He even "dead-heads" those who wish to stroll,
When he discovers that his favored man
Is a staunch out-and-out Republican.

Another editor (Old Settler, too),
Asserts his health has proved this statement true,
That fearless, bold attacks on party wrong,
Have made his *Weekly Constitution* strong.

With the Old Settlers' early hopes and fears
Came thoughts of John F. Sanford's former years,
And with these thoughts, the labor he has done,
The wide spread reputation he has won.
And wondering what experience and skill
Might yet, in future, lead him to fulfill,
My ear was startled when the words were said:
"His work is finished—Sanford's soul has fled."
And can it be? Has science lost so soon
The life that had but reached its brilliant noon?
Have the hands fallen, pulseless, at his side
Whose matchless skill was tested far and wide?
Van Buren, 'tis a loss *you* may deplore,
Where will you turn since Sanford is no more?

'Twas D. F. Miller, friends, who bade me say
His heart and prayers were with you here to-day;
When first he came your state was new and wild,
She claims him as her own adopted child.
He linked his fate with hers, and near and far
Is justly called the Nestor of her Bar.

Can I refer to David, Jesse's son.
Without a word of praise for Jonathan?
Can Damon's constancy through memory pass
Without a thought of faithful Pythias?

Miller and Viele! Death will not divide
Their friendship—on the golden Other Side
Beyond the darksome river they will meet,
And through Eternal Day hold converse sweet.

What sister State, from Oregon to Maine,
Can fairer record than our own sustain?
Explore the continent! Its crowded mart
Yields not, for our *own Dean*, his counterpart.
What brighter history can you wish to boast
Than "Delazon" has left Pacific's coast?
Look north and south, with persevering ken
And show (if you can find them) nobler men.
Go back through all the years, and search in vain
For minister that graced the court of Spain,
Whose native dignity and courtly mien
Entranced the eyes of an admiring Queen
As did our own, who with his modest ways
Would Dodge, could he escape, a word of praise.

Then on to Washington (not Richmond now),
Count, when you reach it, each familiar brow,
Looming ahead, like a resplendent star,
Behold our Secretary, first, of War,
See Williams, Miller, and McCrary there,
Of honors reaping an abundant share.
Then back returned, perhaps within your sight
Search out the man you know is always *Wright*.
Each thistle of your prairie he has trod,
His intellect expanded on your sod,
Be true to him, your champion and guide,
Even though politics your views divide.

Many the vessels wrecked upon Life's sea,
But squadron like your own can never be;
'Twill steer aloof of breakers and the shore
With matchless Baldwin for its Commodore.
Was ship e'er known to sink or yet to strand

When she a Bonny Captain could command?
What dauntless courage, vigilance and skill
Are there to ward off every coming ill.
When, with a Pilot's ever watchful eye,
Goddard the far-off danger can espy,
The old "Van Buren," weathering each gale,
Safe into port, at last, will proudly sail;
Safe into port with all her gallant crew
Gathered on deck to catch the passing view.
Manning's grand convoy foremost in the van,
Marlow its captain—Brown its leading man;
While other ships hold Kinnersly and Moore,
Parker and Pittman, Millers three or four;
Morris and Christy, Ober, Barton, Gaines,
Mills and St. John (both good Old Settler names);
Smith, Hall, and Wood, with Jackson, too, appear,
And Young George Wright (whose starting point was here),
Cowles, Moss, and Rankin (once a favorite beau),
The D'Orsay of this region long ago;
And last, because the eldest of the crew,
"Pap" Shepherd's kindly face is held to view.

It often takes a superhuman rap
To wake a man from a continuous nap (Knapp),
But when aroused his full, expanded soul,
Longing for action, will not brook control.
I had a friend, ('twas in those earlier days),
Whose giant efforts won him highest praise;
He shone in magitude the first, a star,
Illumined with brightness Keosauqua's bar.
And yet he shines—and yet his radiance gleams,
In meteor flashes, yet with purer beams;
For in one rapturous, penticostal hour,
The Holy Spirit came with might and power,
And thus renewed he dares not pause and shrink,
But cries to all that thirst, "Ho! come and drink."
Israel was ruled by Judges, till her call—

"A king! a king! (her trouble came with Saul):
And they who judged found succor ever nigh,
Because they trusted in the Lord Most High.

The age repeats itself; in its advance,
Weak, timid woman clamors for a chance,
And man looks on and thinks it wondrous strange
That she should dare demand a *little change*.
Yet years ago, here, ere the "move" began,
The nurse (Nourse) you called and trusted—*was a man*:
And wondrous to relate, whenever tried
Success attended—all were satisfied.

Clark, Lane, and Jewett, names that we revere,
Good Shepherds, are your flocks now gathered here?
The fields beyond the blue are fresh and green,
The waters cool that gently flow between.
Not long your sheep o'er earthly steeps will roam,
But to the Fold above, will hasten home.

Before me gathered, Keosauqua, here
The members of thy far famed Bar appear:
Here thy physicians—men of judgment sound:
Thy ministers to hallowed labors bound:—
Soldier or citizen, whiche'er you be,
Each seems alike a cherished friend to me.
Were I a priestess, 'neath this vaulted dome,
I'd pray that Israel's tribes be gathered home:—
And when each solemn rite was softly said,
Would breathe my benediction on thy head.
Yet, after that, 'neath the Shekinah's glow
I'd kneel alone and there in whispers low
Would plead, that most of all kind heaven would bless,
For auld lang syne, the *heroes of thy Press*.

As some lone pilgrim, weary, faint, and worn
Musing on what may never more return,
Sees, suddenly, the vanished years come back,

And finds herself returned to childhood's track.
So I, with faithful heart and hand have come
To pay this tribute to my early home:
To kneel, as at a sainted mother's knee,
And breathe my prayer, Kosauqua, to thee.

There's something hallowed in the dewy sod—
The winding paths our loved and lost have trod.
This balmy air to me holds whispers yet
So fond and true my heart can ne'er forget:—
The very flowers look up in glad surprise,
And smile upon me with their gentle eyes:
Yon winding river, every rock and tree,
Calls up some tender memory to me.
Along the foot path—down the sloping hill
My glance, unconscious turns, expectant still:
Or yet, again forgetful, I rejoice
At the soft prattle of my baby's voice.

O man! there is an Order here below
Whose secret raptures you may never know:
No triple tie proclaims its rights divine—
It holds for you no mystic countersign:—
Yet pure, ennobling, elevating, good,
Is the grand *Order of our Motherhood.*
Would that each soul were stainless—free from sin,
That takes the sacred vows, and enters in:
Who counts that day her brightest and her best
That drops a white soul on her yearning breast:—
Who says her holiest, most ecstatic bliss
Awakened when she felt her first-born's kiss:
And, even though, like mine, her arms are pres'd—
Her *empty* arms, upon an aching breast,
She feels, and with the thought a rapturous thrill,
Her soul is mother of an angel still;
And, when released, her spirit shall arise
To join the loved—Old Settlers of the skies—
When, first to greet her in the golden street,
Comes the soft patter of those tender feet,

She'll comprehend how rougher paths, instead,
Into Life's thorny, shadowed vale had led,
How years and care had weighed the fair head down,
That, through perrennial youth, shall wear a fadeless
crown.

Van Buren, one Old Settler proudly stands
Pledged unto thee with loyal heart and hands,
And, by these furrowed cheeks, these locks of gray,
Through which the loyal winds now fondly play,
She feels that unto thee, through woe and weal
Are pledged, till death, ten thousand hearts of steel.
Our banner, foremost in the ranks of war,
With shattered staff and many a veteran scar,
Snatched from the thickest of the deadly fray,
Is seen within our Capitol to-day.
'Twas old Van Buren sent that banner out,
With many a jubilant, triumphant shout;—
'Twas old Van Buren sent the young Voltaire,
Who held the colors firmly, proudly there;—
'Twas old Van Buren sent the Colonel, too,
Who led to victory the boys in blue.

The boys in blue! O! 'mothers, most of all
Be yours the praise whose heroes went—*to fall;*—
Who, after weary waiting, prayers, and tears,
Felt blight and desolation crown your years;
But yet remember, 'twas your country's call
You bravely answered when you gave your all;
And ask no brighter, more enduring fame
Than what, through them, still glorifies *your* name.

Old Settlers, when the final debt is paid,
Here, in Van Buren's arms, may you be laid;—
Be this our Mecca—santified this sod
By the sweet thought you mounted hence to God.
And O! if seraphs in that loftier sphere
May guard and guide the feet still lingering here,
When *we* return to take each vacant chair,
May you, unseen, be waiting, hovering there.

REPORT OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST MAJOR GENERAL STERLING PRICE, IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1864.

(Continued from page 154, Vol. XII. No. 2.)

AT this time I received orders from Major General Curtis to make the movement which I had already commenced. Thus reassured, I moved forward as rapidly as the thick undergrowth and broken ground would permit, until I came to the edge of an open field and formed a junction with Colonel Hogan's regiment, which had been sent forward from a different direction. A heavy fire was here opened on us from a corn-field, which stretched from our right front, and which seemed filled with skirmishers, and from a large brick house in an orchard just beyond, in which a party of sharpshooters were stationed. In a few minutes several of our men had fallen and the fire was incessant and close.

I immediately ordered the right of the brigade forward, and drove the enemy from the corn-field and house, while the left of the line kept straight forward through a stubble-field on their flank.

About half a mile to the front the cavalry and artillery came out the road on our left, and we joined the line, relieving Jennison's cavalry from its position, in support of McLain's battery.

We then commenced driving the enemy steadily before us, and from there till his retreat became a rout, it was as much as my dismounted men could do to keep up with the artillery. As soon as the heaviest of the action was over I sent details back to bring up the horses, and pushed forward with my dismounted men and artillery.

Lieutenant W. B. Clark's detachment of Company E, Fourteenth Kansas cavalry, and Captain John Wilson's company of independent cavalry scouts, became detached from my brigade early in the morning, and acted as body guard for Major General Blunt, charging to the support of a howitzer which General Blunt and staff with the gun de-

tachment were protecting with their pistols from a portion of the enemy who were advancing to capture it, and participating also in the gallant charge on the enemy's rear, posted behind the stone wall at the mouth of the lane. In this last charge the detachment lost six horses and two men killed, besides having several men slightly wounded.

I pushed on to Santa Fe, reaching there about sunset, and stopped to feed, getting the first forage my horses had eaten since we left the Blue. The men had eaten nothing for two days, and were still without rations, their transportation being yet at Kansas City.

I had three or four head of cattle hunted up and killed, by Colonel Hogan's regiment, the Nineteenth Kansas state militia, which were eaten without bread or salt. The residue of my brigade had nothing.

At daylight next morning, the 24th, we started and marched the whole day and far into the night, still fasting. When the head of the column (Major General Pleasanton's division) went into camp at the Marias-des-Cygnes my brigade brought up the rear of the column, and receiving no orders, stood by our horses' heads in the rain all night, or until the roar of artillery announced that the battle was begun. Most of my militia had fallen out in the terrible march of the day before, from fatigue and want of food, leaving me only my batteries, the Sixth regiment, Colonel Montgomery, and Eve's battalion, and being satisfied that there would be some heavy fighting at the front before my brigade could cross the river, I hurried forward to see if my individual services could be of any avail, leaving the brigade in charge of my adjutant lieutenant, L. J. Beam, Fifteenth Kansas cavalry.

I crossed the river on the skirmish line of General Pleasanton's division, and during the exciting events of the 25th acted as volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Major General Curtis, rendering all the assistance I could to the other members of his staff in hurrying forward troops and holding them steady, under the terrific fire of the enemy.

In this capacity I participated in all the battles of the 25th, and was with the pursuit to Shanghai, Missouri, from

which point I was sent back to Fort Scott to superintend the forwarding of supplies to the army in its continued pursuit of the enemy.

It has been impossible for me to obtain reports from my subordinate commanders, and I cannot therefore make a correct return of casualties. From the best information I can gather, the entire losses of the brigade, killed, wounded, and prisoners, will not exceed one hundred, of which seventy-five were taken from Colonel McCain's regiment at one time. About forty horses were also lost.

Among the severely wounded is Captain Aitken, of the Bourbon county battalion, who was shot through the thigh while gallantly leading his command in the action of Westport.

The officers, without a single exception, discharged their duty faithfully and well, while the men behaved much better than could have been expected, considering their want of training and discipline.

I desire to make special mention of Colonels Montgomery, Hogan, Colton, and Eves, Major Smith, of the Nineteenth, and Lieutenant Colonel Morris and Major Wiley, of the Tenth Kansas state militia, for gallantry and good conduct.

Colonel C. C. Willets offered his services to me before starting from this place, and acted as chief of staff until after the battle of Westport, affording me much valuable assistance in that capacity. Finding him quite ill on our arrival at Santa Fe, I ordered him to Paola for rest and medical treatment, from which point he joined Colonel Moonlight's brigade on its march to this place.

The labors and services of Captain Geo. J. Clark, Fourteenth Kansas cavalry, although acting ordnance officer of the Army of the Border, came more immediately under my personal observation than that of perhaps any other officer, and it affords me honorable pleasure to bear testimony to his untiring labors day and night in that behalf, from the time he left until he returned to Fort Scott. All the time he could spare from this duty was given to me, and as a staff officer

of my brigade he rendered great assistance, being cool and observant under fire, and industrious and energetic in arranging troops.

To Lieutenant S. J. Beam, Fifteenth Kansas cavalry, acting assistant adjutant general, I am more indebted than to any other officer for labor, energy, and active forethought Always at his post and always at work, he is as brave in action as he is laborious in the office. Of clear head and sound judgment, skillful and thoughtful, thoroughly versed in the duties of his profession, and having his knowledge always at his command, he could discharge with dignity and distinction the duties of almost any position.

Sergeant Major Repstein, Sergeant A. C. Greenleaf, and Orderly Dudley Van Valkenburgh, of the Third Wisconsin cavalry, were transformed into staff officers, from the necessities of the case, and discharged their various duties with alacrity, judgment, and skill.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. W. BLAIR,

Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry, Commanding Third Brigade, First Division, Army of the Border.

[Unofficial.]

HEADQUARTERS, FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, November 26, 1864.

MAJOR:—I send you my official report of the part the "Tads" took in the recent invasion, or at least those under my command. It is addressed to Captain Hampton, of General Blunt's staff, which I suppose is "*de regeur*," as I was in the First division.

I have endeavored to make a plain, connected statement of the events, so far as my command was connected with them, and trust it may be satisfactory to you and the general. This militia command was an undesirable and laborious one, but I did the best I could with the material.

I am, major, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES W. BLAIR.

MAJOR C. S. CHARLOT, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Report of Colonel J. H. Ford, Colonel Second Colorado Cavalry, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Army of the Border.

FORT RILEY, KANSAS,
December, 1864.

CAPTAIN GEO. S. HAMPTON, *Assistant Adjutant General First Division, Army of the Border — Captain:*—I have the honor to make to the Major General Commanding First Division, Army of the Border, the following Report of my regiment and the Fourth brigade, First Division, Army of the Border.

While serving in the District Central Missouri Department of the Missouri on the 29th September, I was ordered to report to Major General Curtis, commanding department of Kansas. He ordered me to concentrate my regiment at Pleasant Hill, but leave some troops to protect Kansas City and Independence, temporarily, until General Brown, commanding District Central Missouri, could send other troops. I accordingly left Major Pritchard with two companies at Kansas City and two at Independence, while with eight companies I took position at Pleasant Hill, as an advance of the Army of the Border. I daily sent out large scouts east, north, and south-east.

Fearing that the enemy might pass between Independence and Pleasant Hill towards Hickman's mills, which was altogether the best route for him to take on account of water and forage, and thus get into Kansas without my being able to keep in his front, to check him and give prompt information.

On the 11th inst. I proceeded to Hickman's Mills, sending Captain Elmer and fifty men to make a circuit by the way of Lone Jack, Snid Bar, and Little Blue, to the same place, I also sent Captain Evans up the Independence road to come in by Raytown. They both reported the next day nothing of importance.

On the 15th Major Smith and thirty men went to Independence, distant eighteen miles, and found the town evacuated by the troops, and the rebels reported twelve hundred

strong a short distance away. He immediately returned, and with two hundred men started out after dark to reconnoitre.

On the 14th, Major General commanding First division ordered me to establish my head-quarters at Independence, and scout well from thence.

On the 15th, Major Smith returned. After passing through Independence, he proceeded about twenty-nine miles on the Lexington road, and making a circuit towards Snid Bar and Lone Jack, returned by Hickman's Mills, but saw no enemy.

Lieutenant Colonel Walker with his regiment (Sixteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry) reported for duty to me, per instructions received from department head-quarters on the same day.

At 2 A. M. on the 17th inst., Major Smith, with two hundred Second Colorado cavalry, and one hundred Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, started toward Lexington, to go, if possible, to the town, and learn what he could. During the day I received a telegram from Major General Curtis, that Major General Deitzler, Kansas State Militia, was sending three regiments Kansas State Malitia to report to me and directing to report to General Deitzler by letter, and also to him (General Curtis), direct.

On the 17th, the Fourth, Twelfth, and Nineteenth regiments Kansas State Militia arrived at Independence and reported to me for duty.

On the 10th, Major Smith returned from Lexington. He reported he chased a few stragling bushwhackers out of that town, killing two. He remained some hours in the town and learned that several hundred rebels and guerrillas had been in the place but a short time before, and that Shelby was camped with two or three thousand men about six miles east. I regret exceedingly to have to state that the brigade books and papers were lost in the evacuation of Independence on the 21st inst., so that the able report of Major Smith cannot be forwarded with this.

On the 19th, the Fourth and Nineteenth regiments Kansas State Militia were relieved from duty in my brigade and ordered to report to Colonel C. W. Blair at the crossing of the Big Blue, and McLain's Second Colorado battery was ordered to report to me, it arriving about 6 o'clock, P. M., on the evening of the 20th.

On the morning of the 21st, I received orders to march with the Second Colorado cavalry, Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, and First Colorado battery to the support of Colonel Moonlight, commanding Second brigade, First division, who was reported as engaging the enemy at the crossing of the Little Blue, on the Lexington road, leaving the Twelfth Kansas Militia at Independence.

The strength of my brigade was as follows:

Second Colorado cavalry, three hundred and eighty-four men, Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, four hundred men, Second Colorado battery, one hundred and sixteen men; five three inch rifled guns and one mountain howitzer. Total, nine hundred men and six guns.

Left Independence at 10 o'clock, A. M., and reached Colonel Moonlight's rear near the Little Blue (distance eight miles) in about one hour. I then received orders to place the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry on the left of Colonel Moonlight's brigade, and the battery near the centre of the line, and the Second Colorado cavalry on the right. We immediately dismounted and advanced into the bluffs, and became at once engaged, the enemy having crossed the stream before our arrival.

We held our ground, advancing slightly, for some time, and at one time drove the enemy in great confusion, but their force being too overwhelmingly large, they threw a large body to our right which compelled the right to give slowly back. The brigade was then ordered to fall back slowly to their horses, the battery receiving orders from division head-quarters, direct.

After mounting, I received orders to cover the retreat of the army to Independence, with the Second Colorado cavalry and the Sixteenth Kansas, assisted by a portion of the

Eleventh Kansas cavalry, which I did by forming half my command in line across the road on some favorable spot and while that was engaging the enemy, formed the remainder of the force in a similar manner in their rear, and when the first line became too hotly engaged, marched it back by companies to the rear of the second line. I thus kept checking the enemy, giving the army time to pass through Independence safely, not reaching there myself until nearly sundown, when I was ordered to march my command across the Big Blue on the Kansas City road (distant six miles), and go into camp for the night. I reached camp at nine P. M., the horses getting little or no forage, and the men likewise, to a great extent, without food.

The troops of my brigade behaved splendidly throughout the whole day, and covered the retreat with the coolness of veterans.

I have to mourn the loss of Major J. Nelson Smith (who was commander of the Second Colorado cavalry) and Francis S. Gould, Esq. (volunteer Aid upon the brigade staff) the former being killed instantly, and the latter mortally wounded. They were brave, gallant men, and could ill be spared.

Early in the morning of the 22d the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry was ordered to the support of Colonel Jennison, commanding First brigade, First division, at Byrom's Ford, and did not report to me again during the day. McLain's battery was placed in position on the right of Colonel Moonlight's brigade, on the brow of the bluffs immediately west of the Blue, the Second Colorado cavalry and the Twelfth Kansas State Militia were formed in line on the left of the Second brigade, with the exception of six companies of the Second Colorado cavalry, which I was ordered to take across the Blue as skirmishers.

This battallion remained skirmishing with the enemy until late in the afternoon, taking some prisoners, and did not report back to the brigade until the next morning. About 2 P. M. I received orders to march my brigade immediately to Westport (seven miles distant), which place I

reached by the gallop in an hour, with the Second Colorado cavalry, Twelfth Kansas State Militia, and McLain's battery. I then received orders to form on the hill towards Kansas City, where the brigade remained in line during the night, with the exception of the battery, which was ordered to Kansas City, but reported back again by daylight of the 23d. The men brought corn to their horses and rested alternately, but did not unsaddle.

Early on the morning of the 23d, I was ordered with my brigade through Westport. I formed a portion of the Second Colorado cavalry and Sixteenth Kansas on the hill immediately south of Brush Creek, with one section of the battery, but soon after advanced to the edge of the prairie, and took up position across the road, to the left of Colonel Jennison's brigade, the section of the battery being placed in the road. For a while the firing was exclusively artillery, but the rebels advancing, the whole line was soon engaged and kept up a very steady and galling fire for two hours or more. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, and one very bold and dashing charge made by them down the road upon the battery was very handsomely repulsed by portions of the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry and Second Colorado cavalry, the counter charge being led in person by Lieutenant Colonel Walker, commander Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, and in which charge he received a very severe wound in the foot. Finally, in the face of a very heavy fire from the First brigade, the enemy forced a very large column into a small copse to the right of my brigade and commenced a flank fire upon me. Not having force enough to dislodge the enemy from their new position, I fell back towards Brush Creek, forming line upon each ridge, until I received orders to form north of the creek, the battery meanwhile having been placed in a commanding position on the hill. After forming on the bottom, I sent part of the Second Colorado cavalry on foot as skirmishers through the woods. The Twelfth Kansas State Militia were also sent into the woods on foot, doing good service. The footmen kept steadily driving the enemy until the advance of the whole division was

ordered, when our old position was regained, and after a short fight the enemy was completely routed and fled precipitately from the field.

Every one advanced a speedily as possible, continuing the pursuit until dark. Colonel Jennison, with portions of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Kansas cavalry and Second Colorado cavalry in the extreme advance, ran on to the main body of the enemy and kept up a rapid fire upon them from his line of skirmishers, but the enemy opening a battery of rifled guns upon him, he, of course, fell back, having no guns to respond with.

The brigade went into camp for the night at Little Santa Fe, with the exception of the force with Colonel Jennison, which camped about a mile in advance of division.

As soon as the brigade was reorgainzed on the morning of the 24th, I started on the line road in pursuit of the rebel army, having the advance for the day. I sent three companies forward as an advance, which did not return to the brigade until the morning of the 26th, at Fort Scott. For an account of their services while absent see enclosure marked "F."

Reached Westport at dark, where a halt was made, giving the men time to kill and eat a beef. After forming the brigade in line, I was ordered to wait until Major General Pleasanton's division passed to the front.

Started again about 2 o'clock, A. M., of the 25th, and halted until daylight about three miles north of Trading Post, Kansas. Distance traveled, about sixty miles. After feeding the horses I took up the line of march, being in the rear of the First brigade, which position I kept during the day.

After following the enemy's trail seven or eight miles beyond where they left Fort Scott road, I received orders to proceed to Fort Scott, reaching there about 11 o'clock, P. M., and camped for the night. Total distance traveled during the day, probably sixty-five miles.

At Fort Scott, on the morning of the 26th inst. I reorganized my brigade, a great many of the horses having

given out in the last two days. I left one section of the battery there, putting eight horses to the guns and cassions which I took with me, again commenced the pursuit about noon, the time being consumed in drawing horses for the battery from Major Hunt, Chief of artillery, Army of the Border.

From this time until the afternoon of the 28th, we continued marching night and day, with but short halts and small feeds, following, at all times, the trail of the enemy.

About 10 o'clock A. M., my brigade being in the advance, we discovered the enemy's rear in the edge of the woods, north of Shoal Creek. I sent two companies of the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry into the woods as skirmishers, who soon reported that the party was about two hundred strong, and retreating fast. I then pressed rapidly forward, and upon reaching Granby, ascertained that they had just passed through, and that Price's whole army was doubtless at Newtonia, distant five miles. The advance soon reported that the enemy's train was in sight and but few men visible. I hurried forward at a gallop and when within two miles of the town saw the rear of the rebel train entering the woods beyond the town, on the Cassville road. The battery was immediately planted on the bluffs and commenced throwing shell, while the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry and the Second Colorado cavalry were formed in two lines and ordered to charge down towards the enemy's train, the charge being led by the Major General commanding First division, in person. We advanced at a rapid gallop with skirmishers in front until we came upon the main body of the enemy, who were formed three lines deep, and their front line dismounted.

The action was commenced in earnest, and for three hours, with less than nine hundred men (my brigade consisting of less than six hundred men) we contended with an enemy of ten times our number, and closed the day by driving them from the field, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

During the hottest of the engagement the enemy threw a large body of men upon our left, their fire telling fearfully

upon our small force, but the left, commanded by Major Ketner (commanding Sixteenth Kansas cavalry), never wavered or flinched, but answered shot for shot.

The brigade remained upon the field until 9 o'clock, P. M., when it went into camp in the town of Newtonia.

During the 29th inst. the brigade marched with the division to Neosho, returning to Newtonia the next day, October 30th.

On the 31st inst., after issuing rations and amunition to the command, I started forward again on the enemy's trail, the footmen of my brigade marching with the transportation, under command of Lieutenant M. Hennion, Second Colorado cavalry. My brigade numbered at this time not more than four hundred and fifty or five hundred men, so many horses having given out from excessive and long continued marches, without sufficient forage and water.

On the 4th inst. we arrived at Fayetteville, relieving that place from the determined attacks of the rebel General Fagan, commanding division in General Price's army.

About noon on the 8th inst. arrived on the banks of the Arkansas river, fifteen miles above Fort Smith, as the rear of the rebel army was disappearing in the woods beyond. The batttery was placed upon the north side of the river and shelled the opposite woods, with what success is not known.

The brigade was disbanded on the 9th inst., per special field orders First division, Army of the Border, dated November 9th, 1864, and I was ordered with my regiment (Second Colorado cavalry), to report for escort duty, to Major General S. R. Curtis, commanding department of Kansas.

Total distance traveled by the Fourth brigade from October 16th, when it was organized, until November 9th, the date of special field orders disbanding the brigade, must be over four hundred miles.

The casualties of the brigade cannot be exactly ascertained, but are reported by subordinate commanders as follows:—

Killed and wounded.

Second Colorado cavalry,	70
Sixteenth Kansas "	67
Second Colorado battery,	5
Total,	142

The campaign just closed was the most severe upon men and horses that any of the troops comprising my brigade were ever engaged in, as regards marching, scarcity of food, forage, and water, inclement weather, etc., yet *all*, both men and officers, endured unflinchingly hardships and privations, and on all occasions behaved with the coolness of veterans when under fire.

Where all did well it is difficult to particularise, but I cannot forbear to mention Lieutenant Colonel Walker, of the Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, who, though painfully wounded at the battle of Westport, continued in the saddle until the brigade reached Fort Scott.

Major Ketner, of the Sixteenth, also displayed at all times great coolness and gallantry, being always in the thickest of the fight, and having, at Newtonia, two horses shot from under him, and in fact all the officers and men of the Sixteenth did splendidly throughout the whole campaign.

Major Jesse L. Pritchard, commanding the Second Colorado cavalry, behaved with conspicuous bravery and coolness at all times and especially at the battle of Newtonia, where he ably obeyed all my orders, and held the line unflinchingly after the carbine ammunition had been expended.

Captain W. H. Green, who commanded the (Second) Colorado cavalry, from the death of Major Smith (during the battle of Little Blue), until the morning of the 24th, when Major Pritchard took command, did excellent service, and is deserving of great praise.

Credit is due to Captain W. D. McLain for the skillful manner in which he manœuvred his battery, and prompt obedience to all my orders.

I must not omit to mention Colonel Treat of the Sixteenth Kansas State Militia, who assisted and cooperated with me very heartily, and at the battle of Westport did good service with his regiment dismounted.

To my staff officers I am greatly indebted for the promptness with which my orders were promulgated, and for their utter disregard to all personal safety and comfort.

Adjutant Robert S. Roe, A. A. A. G., and Lieutenant Wm. Wise, and J. Fenton Seymour, aids-de-camp, were especially valuable to me, as I could at all times rely upon their coolness, judgment, and experience in directing movements that were made not under my personal observation.

Surgeon I. J. Pollock and his assistants, Akin and Vance, were also untiring in their efforts at attending to the wounded of the brigade.

For the minutes of the campaign, I would respectfully invite your attention to the following enclosures, viz:

Report of Lieutenant Colonel Walker, commanding Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, marked "A."

Report of Major James Ketner, commanding Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, marked "B."

Report of Captain W. H. Green, commanding Second Colorado cavalry, marked "C."

Report of Major Jesse L. Pritchard, commanding Second Colorado cavalry, marked "D."

Report of Captain W. D. McLain, commanding Independent Colorado battery, marked "E."

Report of Captain E. W. Kingsbury, commanding Second battalion, Colorado cavalry, marked "F."

In closing my report I have to thank the Major General commanding the First division, Army of the Border, for the many favors bestowed upon me and my brigade.

I have the honor to be, captain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed.] J. W. H. FORD,

Colonel Second Colorado cavalry, commanding Fourth Brigade First Division, Army of the Border.

Official copy,

GEO. S. HAMPTON, *Captain and A. A. G.*

Report of Charles W. Blair of the Events of the 25th of October, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS SUB DISTRICT, No. 2, SOUTH KANSAS,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, January 1, 1865.

MAJOR GENERAL S. R. CURTIS, *Commanding Department of Kansas, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas — Sir*:—As volunteer Aid de Camp on your staff, I have the honor to transmit herewith, according to your direction, a brief report of events of the 25th of October last, all of which I *saw*, and part of which I *was*.

On the march of the night before, from Westport down, my brigade occupied the rear of the column, and when the column halted, and no word was sent to the rear to bivouac, I supposed that the advance had come to the timber of the Marias des Cygnes, and was clearing the obstructions which all thought the enemy would create to oppose our forward movement. Accordingly, we waited patiently, standing by our horses' heads, without fire, food or forage.

Towards morning, becoming chilled by the rain and cold night air, I mounted my horse, and, accompanied by an orderly, rode forward in search of fire; about midway up the column, I found a fire, and had scarcely succeeded in warming my benumbed limbs, when the sound of artillery called my attention to the front. I immediately started forward, and as soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects, I saw by the broken and slippery condition of the roads that it was impossible for the rear to get over the river till a late hour in the morning; and sending my orderly back with directions to Lieutenant Beam, my Assistant Adjutant General, to keep the brigade closed up to the main column, I hurried to the front to see if I could be of any service in some other capacity—at the same time if a general battle was imminent, in which all our troops would be engaged, I would have the advantage of observing the ground before the arrival of my force, and be ready to take command of them in action.

Ascending the high mound overlooking the stream, I saw the skirmish line about mid-way from its base to the timber, pushing steadily to the front. I immediately started

forward to overtake them (having been joined in the meantime by Sergeant-Major Repstein, of my brigade), and just as I entered the timber, I was met by Major R. H. Hunt, chief of artillery on your staff, who announced that there were neither enemy nor obstructions on the north bank of the river. Pushing forward, I perceived the skirmishers just as they received the fire of the enemy's skirmish line on the south bank.

The skirmish line here waited till the advance regiment came up, which I think was the First Arkansas Cavalry; with it came also Colonel S. J. Crawford, of your volunteer staff, and Captain R. J. Hinton, Aid de Camp, serving on the staff of Major General Blunt.

On crossing the river, we found, to our surprise, no obstructions save two trees, which had been felled in the road, and which were rapidly removed by the advancing troops.

Emerging from the timber, I observed a body of men about a half a mile distant on our left flank, drawn up in line in front of a farm fence. Some discussion arose as to whether this was an enemy or a portion of our own troops who might have crossed below the main ford. I informed the officer who seemed to be in command, that I was satisfied there was no ford so close below the main one, and called his attention to the further fact that the line displayed no guidons, a sure sign, in my estimation, that they were the enemy. The question was settled by the charge being sounded, and half way to the enemy's line we flushed his skirmishers concealed in the high grass under the brow of a gentle declivity, who fired a hasty volley and retreated on the main line, which moved off by the left flank at full speed, our flying squadrons in rapid pursuit.

The line of battle was formed, facing the west, and about one and a half miles further on, another line was formed, facing the north, strengthened by two rifled guns and one small smooth bore, the right of the line resting on the skirt of timber which ran up a small ravine from the main river, and the left on a knoll, on the summit of which was a log cabin.

Here the artillery played pretty fiercely, but they fired mostly with solid shot, seeming to reserve their shell, as if it were scarce, although the screaming of the shell through the air was by no means unfrequent.

At this point (Colonel Crawford and Captain Hinton still being with me), I sent Sergeant-Major Repstein back with instructions to find the officer in charge of the First artillery, and request him to hurry forward with his guns. Finding that the artillery did not arrive as soon as we hoped, and fearing the enemy would not stand much longer, we undertook conjointly to bring about a charge in the hope of capturing the guns.

The regiment that had first crossed the river (the Second Arkansas) advanced gallantly to the charge on our right, but was not promptly supported by the regiment on our left, which was a Missouri militia regiment, and consequently were compelled to forego the design.

At this time, Major Hunt came to the front and galloped up to the commanding officer of the Arkansas regiment, and told him that "the general expected him to capture those guns."

"I would have done so five minutes ago, sir, if I had been properly supported," was the reply.

"I will see that you are supported," said the major, and turned off to bring up the regiment on the left. As it came up on line, both regiments charged in gallant style, other troops coming close on their rear, and the enemy broke to the rear before coming to close quarters, leaving their small gun on the field, which we took; but the delay enabled them, by rapidly limbering to the rear, to save their Parrott guns, which were the prizes we really aimed at.

After a short delay, and moving on some distance, we saw another line of battle formed upon a high eminence, apparently about two miles off, but as we approached it, after firing a few shots from their rifled guns, they moved off rapidly again to the rear.

I here fell in with Major Weed, of your staff, and Sur-

geon Walgematte, and we advanced in front of the left of our line.

On an eminence in rear of where this last line of battle was formed, we came across an abandoned wagon, the first I had seen since the burning one just south of their camp. Finding a lot of books, letters and wafers of various kinds in the wagon, we stopped a few minutes to make a hasty examination of the contents, and on resuming our forward movement, I observed that the brigade on our right was some distance past us, although we were in the advance of the one on our end of the line. Arriving on the table land which forms the summit level between the Marias des Cygnes and Osage, we again saw the enemy's line, and this time it was evident he was in full force, although his whole line was not visible, his right being behind the brow of the hill which descended into Mine Creek. Meanwhile, the gallant brigade on our right was steadily advancing, with skirmishers well out, though brought to a check, apparently unsupported, in the face of this overwhelming force. The artillery was playing with great rapidity and considerable effect. I looked at the enemy's line, close, seried and vomiting fire. I looked at the dauntless little brigade which was unflinching and steadfast in its front, and then turned to the rear, and it seemed a fearful distance to the head of the supporting column.

I called Major Weed's attention to the situation, and he galloped to the rear to hurry forward reinforcements, as it was evident that here the battle was to be fought, and the desperate issue joined on which the fate of the south tier of Kansas at least depended.

Advancing alone, to see, if possible, how far their right extended behind the cover of the hill, the bursting in the air, and the tearing of the earth soon satisfied me that they were firing canister at an enemy they supposed was advancing on their right and hidden from view by the acclivity immediately in their front. This conviction on their part, I am satisfied, saved the brigade on our right, as a rapid and vigorous advance at that time would either have overwhelmed or utterly put it to rout.

I moved to the right to get out of the sweep of the canister, and then advanced till their extreme right was developed to view, and then rode rapidly to the rear, with a tolerable full understanding of the situation. Meeting Colonel Crawford but a short distance back, I explained matters to him very hastily, told him they had commenced canister firing, and urged him to go back and hurry up the troops, as he was acquainted with most of the brigade officers of General Pleasanton's division, and I had no acquaintance whatever with any of them.

He agreed to do so, and again started to the rear. I then moved off to the brigade on our right, and when I arrived there, found it engaged at long range, and halted for our other troops to come up on line.

The enemy's artillery was playing on the line with fearful effect, and we had nothing but musketry to reply; but the men were steady and self-possessed and perfectly easy under the fire.

I don't know how long it was before the other brigade came up. To me it seemed a long time, and I had ridden from this brigade back towards the enemy's right once or twice before it came up. When it did come on line, the whole command advanced to short range, and for a time the fire was incessant and terrific. Both lines seemed like walls of adamant—one could not advance, the other would not recede. The crash of musketry, the scream of shell, the hissing sound of canister and balls mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the cries of the wounded, set off too by the walls of fire in front, and girdles of steel behind which marked both lines, formed a scene more easily remembered than described.

During this terrible conflict I passed along the whole line and met your gallant staff officers everywhere counselling, encouraging, exhorting and commanding, and the tenor of the whole was *charge!*

It was evident that our only safety was in a successful charge, by which we might capture the guns. At length, the movement commenced, slowly at first, but increasing in velocity until it swept on, resistless as an avalanche—a

rush, a scramble and all was over—the guns were captured, the enemy broken and flying to the rear, while our victorious squadrons were in almost breathless pursuit.

So rapidly was this accomplished that when our left pushed forward into a field on the south side of the ravine the shell from our own artillery was crashing right into their midst. I was to the right of this, but so close that I could not see the result, and also saw Captain Hinton of General Blunt's staff in the midst of our victorious line.

Pushing rapidly forward I witnessed the capture of Major General Marmaduke by Corporal James Dembery, of Company "C," Third Iowa Cavalry.

Marmaduke was endeavoring to rally his men, and Dembery was galloping towards him, occasionally firing at him. Marmaduke evidently mistook him for one of his own men, and started towards him, reproving him for firing on his friends—at least I so judged from what I could see and hear—and so the boy afterwards told me. The boy stopped and coolly waited until Marmaduke got within twenty or thirty yards of him, then covered him with his carbine and ordered him to dismount and surrender or he would fire. Marmaduke dismounted and his horse galloped off.

Seeing that I was an officer, the boy offered to turn him over to me, but I declined being bothered with a prisoner. General Marmaduke then said: "Sir, you are an officer; I claim protection at your hands. I am a general officer—General Marmaduke." I then took charge of him, and informed him that I would protect him until delivered to you as a prisoner of war, at which he seemed very much relieved. The boy then spoke up and said, "Colonel, remember I took him prisoner. I am James Dembery, Corporal of Company 'C,' Third Iowa Cavalry." I told the boy, who was severely wounded in the right forearm, but still grasped his pistol with vigor and energy, to come along also, and he should have the honor of being introduced to you as the captor of Marmaduke. On the way, General Marmaduke complained of being dismounted, and Dembery promptly apologized, saying, "If I had known you

were a general officer, I should have allowed you to remain on horseback." Marmaduke then informed me that he was very faint and weak, and could not walk much further. Meeting a soldier with a lead horse, I took charge of him and mounted the prisoner. Soon after this, I met Major McKinny, of your staff, and proffered to turn the prisoner over to him, but he was too intent on getting to the front, to be troubled with him. On my way back I saw one or two general officers, but preferred delivering my prisoner to the commanding general of the Army of the Border, and you will remember that I accordingly placed him in your own hands, at the same time introducing his captor and giving his full name, company and regiment. This is the true unvarnished story of the capture of General Marmaduke, about which there has been so much misrepresentation in the newspapers. Having rid myself of this responsibility, I again hurried to the front, when I overtook the advance; I found it halted at the foot of the precipitous mounds descending into the Osage Valley. Leaving Colonel Cloud, of your staff, here, Captain Hinton and myself pushed forward on to the skirmish line, away in the advance, almost as far as we could see over the smooth prairie, and on arriving there, we could plainly see the rebel column moving straight in the direction of Fort Scott. At the same time, a small column was effecting a junction with it, which came from a point to our right, higher up the Osage, and which was, most probably, the force now engaged by Colonel Moonlight near Fort Lincoln. The column in our front moved off and disappeared from sight, while our own line still remained stationary in our rear. I picked up an orderly from the skirmish line who belonged to the Second Kansas Cavalry, and sent him back to Colonel Cloud with a message, requesting him to get General Pleasanton to move forward, as I fearedfor Fort Scott, and at the same time got a citizen, who had come forward with us, to make a detour to the right and try to reach Fort Scott with a verbal message to the commanding officer to hold out to the last, if the enemy struck him, as we were immediately upon his rear. Minutes passed and still our line did not move.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

——The portrait of Judge Miller, of the State Supreme Court, which forms the frontispiece of this issue, will be recognized as a faithful delineation of the genial and benign features of our most excellent Chief Justice. It is a steel engraving, wrought by the cunning hand of Buttre of New York.

——The "Old Settlers' Poem," published in this number, was written by Mrs. Rebecca S. Pollard, of Keokuk, whose sparkling contributions to the Gate City Press, under the *nom de plume* of Kate Harrington, often lightens the dark political passages between the two partizan editors there. Her verses contain many lines of superior merit, unfortunately detracted from, however, by localisms liable to be unappreciated because not understood.

——The boundary line between Virginia and Maryland is still undefined. Commissioners on the part of Virginia for its settlement (of whom Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise was one), made a report on the subject as late as last January (1874), for a copy of which the Historical Society are indebted to Hon. Thomas H. Wynne, of Richmond, Va.

——Mrs. N. Sanford, of Marshalltown, a former contributor to this work, an entertaining writer and industrious collator, has published her lively "Sketches of Polk County," in a neat book.

——The Old Settlers of Wapello county had a reunion at Ottumwa, September 19th, on which occasion the Hon. H. B. Hendershott delivered an eloquent address.

——Messrs. Toole and Negus disagree as to the origin of the name of Louisa county. Mr. Toole thinks the name was borrowed from that of a county in Virginia. Mr. Negus, on the other hand, has set forth (Annals of Iowa for April, 1869, pp. 141–3), that it was named in honor of Miss Louisa Marsey, who had avenged her brother's murder in Dubuque in 1839, by shooting his assassin.

——Daniel S. Durrie, the librarian of the State Historical Society, of Wisconsin, has published a pamphlet entitled, "The Early Out-Posts of Wisconsin," giving a history of Green Bay for two hundred years.

——The histories of many of the counties of Iowa have been published in their respective local papers. Last year the Chariton *Leader* gave that of Lucas county, written by the editor, Mr. D. M. Baker. We would be glad to receive a copy of each history of the kind, whether in manuscript or print, for permanent preservation and ultimate publication in the Annals.

——We are obliged to apologize for the slow and interrupted manner in which the publication of the "Campaign against Price," appears in this work. To those who are tired of seeing installments of it, we would say that the end is near at hand, and that when completed it will form a very perfect history of important military events, to be found no where else but in the files of the War Department.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA.

This Society was instituted by the legislature of 1857. An appropriation of $500 annually was made it in 1860, in furtherance of its objects.

A Library and Cabinet are rapidly accumulating, and the ANNALS OF IOWA is issued quarterly. To gather the rapidly wasting historical material of the state, the Curators of the Society solicit the following contributions:—

1. Old letters, journals, and manuscript statements of pioneer settlers, relative to the early history and settlement of the state, with sketches of prominent citizens of Iowa, either living or deceased, and acts relative to the Indian tribes, chiefs, and warriors; and also Indian implements, ornaments, and curiosities.

2. Newpapers, exchanges, or papers of old and curious print and date, pamphlets, magazines, catalogues of institutions of learning, minutes of ecclesiastical associations, conventions, conferences, and synods, with their origin and history.

3. Information respecting any ancient coins, or other curiosities, found in the state. Drawing and descriptions of any ancient mounds or fortifications, with articles found in them.

4. Indian geographical names, names of streams and localities in the state, and their signification.

5. Books of all kinds, and especially such as relate to American History, travels and biographies in general, and in the West in particular, family genealogies, maps, historical manuscripts, autographs of distinguished persons, coins, medals, paintings, portraits, statues and engravings.

6. We solicit from historical societies and other learned bodies, that interchange of books and other articles by which the usefulness of institutions of this nature is so much enhanced, pledging ourselves to repay such contributions to the full extent of our ability.

7. The Society particularly asks the favor of authors and publishers, to present, with autographs, copies of their respective works for its library.

8. Editors and publishers of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, will confer a lasting favor on the Society by contributing their publications regularly for its library, or, at least such numbers as may contain articles bearing upon Iowa history, biography geography, or antiquities; all of which will be carefully preserved for binding.

9. Specimens of conchology, geology, mineralogy and natural history, relating to Iowa or other regions, are also desired.

We respectfully request that all, to whom this notice is addressed will be disposed to give to our appeal a generous response. It is very desirable that donors should forward a specification of book or articles donated and sent to the Society.

We are making preparations for a Picture Gallery, and have already secured some valuable portraits from distinguished men. We have also many promises of valuable articles for our Cabinet of Historical Curiosities. The Board of Curators meets in the Society's rooms, on the first Wednesday evening of each month.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The Annals of Iowa.

This is a quarterly publication, and will contain not less than *three hundred and twenty* pages for the year 1874, with complete index at the end of the year, and title page for binding.

Its object is to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, facts connected with the early history of the state. Of the various classes of historical facts, it will be its special endeavor to publish: —

1st. Such as relate to transactions of its early days, which are liable to be soon lost by the passing away of the participants.

2d. Descriptive sketches of localities in the olden time, as their primal features are pictured upon the memory of observers.

3d. Biographical sketches of prominent citizens.

4th. The origin, growth, and development of the *institutions* of the state, with their bearing upon the various interests which have called them into existence.

5th. From time to time such of the hitherto unwritten history of the great war of modern times as relates to the valorous deeds of Iowa's soldiers, practicable for introduction, or which seems necessary to preserve it from passing from the knowledge of men.

6th. Reminiscences of early settlers of every character of facts pertaining to pioneer life.

To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose, contributions are requested of those who have in memory any portion of the early history of the state; and those having material for history, or authentic manuscripts, will confer a favor by forwarding them to the editor.

The price of the publication remains ONE DOLLAR a year, although it is now nearly double the original size when that price was fixed.

It is expected that subscribers will pay this moderate sum IN ADVANCE.

It was commenced in 1863. Back numbers may be obtained, except for the year 1864. That edition is exhausted. The numbers of 1863, bound in paper covers, may be had for $2.00. Copies for 1865,-66,-67,-68,-69 1870, 1871, 1872, and 1873 may be had for fifty cents per single copy.

The periodicals and newspapers sent us in exchange are placed on file in the Library Room of the Historical Society, bound as soon as volumes are completed, and will of themselves form a collection for reference such as is possessed by no other institution of the state, and furnish to the future a record of passing events of very great value. Hence editors of all the newspapers and periodicals published within the state are requested to place the ANNALS upon their exchange lists.

All communications and subscriptions may be addressed to

F. LLOYD, Corresponding Secretary,
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
Iowa City, Iowa.